

The Saturday Review

No. 2089, Vol. 80.

9 November, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
CHRONICLE	605	Richter Again. By J. F. R.	615	Reminiscences of Sir Joseph Crowe	623
LEADING ARTICLES:		"Trilby" and "L'Ami des Femmes." By G. B. S.	617	Britain and Her Rivals	624
Muscovite Faith.	608	Money Matters: The Anchor		M. de Montesquiou's Verse	625
The Labour War	609	Tin Mine, Ld.; Lillooet, Fraser River, and Cariboo Goldfields, Ld.	618	Travels and Touring	625
The Government of London	609			Fiction	627
The Civil List Pensions	610	Correspondence:		New Books and Reprints	627
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		Events in South Africa. By T. S.	620	Reviews and Magazines	628
Reminiscences of Great Men: given by the Commander-in-Chief	611	France, Germany, and the Congo Free State. By East African	621	LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:	
England, France, and South-Western China. By Holt S. Hallett	612	Angling and How to Angle. By R. M. Marston	621	Vergil in the Middle Ages	599
The Armenian and the Turk. By Walter B. Harris	614	The Superannuation of Judges. By D. Gadesden	621	On Either Side of the Red Sea	599
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		REVIEWS:		Unequal Yokefellows	600
Mr. Watson's New Poems	615	De Quincey and His Friends	622	St. James's Square	601
				The Tomb of Paheri	602
				ADVERTISEMENTS:	
					597-598; 603-604; 628-636

(A Literary Supplement is issued with this number.)

CHRONICLE.

IN spite of the facts that columns in the Press continue to be filled with accounts of disturbances in Asia Minor, and other columns with harrowing news of what seems like a panic on the Stock Exchange, we cannot but think that Lord Wolseley's speech at the banquet given by the Clothmakers' Company was the most important event of this week. We refer in another place to the scheme of reforms which Lord Wolseley suggested. Here we will content ourselves with saying that the wisdom and practical sense of his utterances are scarcely more admirable than his excellent English: simple and clear, it is yet alert, vivacious, strong. Read side by side with Mr. Chamberlain's maiden speech as Colonial Minister, Lord Wolseley's discourse comes well out of the comparison. On the whole, we think it the finer performance of the two in style as in substance; and yet Mr. Chamberlain's speech is among the best he has ever delivered.

Mr. Chamberlain appears to be developing the histrionic faculty. Most admirable of debaters and of business speakers these ten years past, he seems now in a fair way to become an orator: he is not afraid to touch emotional chords, and it cannot be denied that he touches them like a master. The occasion was a fitting one. The Agent-General of Natal gave a banquet to celebrate the completion of the railway from Durban to Johannesburg, and Mr. Chamberlain had to reply to the toast of his own health as Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies. He could not but remember that ten years ago Johannesburg was scarcely more than a name, and that it is now a city of something like 40,000 inhabitants, and possesses industries that represent a capital sum of over £200,000,000. No wonder Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the British Empire as "that world-wide dominion to which no Englishman can allude without a thrill of enthusiasm and patriotism, and which has been the admiration, and perhaps the envy, of foreign nations." He was not content to admit that he cherished Imperial Federation as a dream; he rejoiced "in the wider patriotism which embraces the whole of Greater Britain," and he had shrewd counsel to give as to how Imperial Federation might be rendered practicable by first bringing into being that "Local Federation" which, in South Africa, is still to be desired. Altogether a noteworthy speech.

The Unionists of Derby had a treat on last Wednesday evening, when Mr. George Curzon replied to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." His speech has been accorded more than half a column of the "Times," and it is but the bare truth to say that in the last twenty

years no page of the "Times" has contained such a choice collection of metaphors. We transcribe a few of them from a dozen lines of the "Times" report. "The great victory for the Unionist cause was due to the great uprising of the national conscience. . . . The Unionist Government had no desire . . . to cause a great social or domestic upheaval at home . . . foreign affairs had once again raised their heads above the horizon. . . . Uneasy symptoms were abroad. They heard the moan of sick nations on their couches . . . this state of affairs was likely to develop rather than to diminish in the future." After thus surpassing the worst that has ever been attributed to Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Curzon went on to commit one of those blunders which in diplomacy are worse than crimes. The present Government, he said, "represented not a party but the nation"; and then continued, "This could not be said of any other Government of the Great Powers of the world"; and this statement, which has not even the merit of being true, but which, whether true or false, is calculated to irritate foreign rulers, was repeated and amplified by our tactful Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The "Times" gives grudging praise to Lord Wolseley's maiden speech as Commander-in-Chief. It admits that it was "somewhat more important" than the meaningless generalities which Lord Cross indulged in. And then the "Times" shows its hand. "We are not at all in favour," it says, "as a general rule, of the technical advisers of the Government in the army and navy appealing directly to public opinion. And we can easily imagine that with a Commander-in-Chief who had a turn for writing and speaking, such a tendency, if encouraged, might become very inconvenient." Now, if the "Times" had applied this snub to its pet Mr. Curzon, no one could have complained, but, when addressed to Lord Wolseley, the reproof is worse than an impertinence. The country, we venture to say, was eager, anxious even, to hear what Lord Wolseley had to say. We want to know the truth about our powers, offensive and defensive, and we are tired of the optimistic generalities of successive Secretaries of State. Lord Wolseley's speech, from which we give extracts in another column, was one of the ablest speeches we have ever had the pleasure of reading, and it has been more widely reported in the provincial press than any parliamentary speech of the last three years.

The industrial war between shipwrights and their employers is spreading. Nearly all the large yards on the Clyde have joined the Belfast masters in the "lock-out." The quarrel seems the more preposterous when we reflect that there are large Government orders in hand, and every indication of a prosperous season. It is known, too, that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers would welcome any change of attitude on the part of the

Belfast employers. We can only say, as we said nearly a month ago, that this is Mr. Gerald Balfour's opportunity, and he seems to be aware of it while hesitating to act. Speaking to a deputation representing the Trades' Council and the Committee of the Irish Trade Union Congress on Tuesday last, Mr. Gerald Balfour said that "the Belfast strike was an occurrence that should be deplored. If anything he could say would have any effect in improving the strained relations that at present existed he would be very glad. If anything could be done in connection with bringing that painful struggle to an end the Government would be anxious to hear of it." This is excellent; but will not Mr. Gerald Balfour take the initiative and offer his services as arbitrator?

We made a mistake the week before last in suggesting that the presence of Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff in London had any connection with the vacancy at St. Petersburg, which we ought to have remembered had been filled by the translation of that able diplomatist, Sir Nicholas O'Connor. But we made no mistake, it appears, in assuming that the urgent business which caused Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff to absent himself from his duties at Madrid was his own promotion. It is now practically decided, we hear, that Sir Philip Currie is to succeed Lord Dufferin at Paris next May, and that Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff will take Sir Philip Currie's place at Constantinople.

Lord Dufferin's time expires in the spring, and he will retire on the very inadequate pension of £1700 a year, which the rules of the service award to ambassadors. As it is almost impossible for a viceroy or an ambassador to save out of his official income, Lord Dufferin cannot be a rich man, and he will probably have to reside on his Irish estate. Lord Dufferin's facial resemblance to Lord Beaconsfield is well known, and, perhaps on that account, he was always a favourite of the Conservative leader. Lord Dufferin's mother was one of the few clever women of the day who detected the young Disraeli's genius, and, according to Froude, she took upon herself to tell the future Prime Minister that he made a fool of himself by his extravagant style of dress. Lord Beaconsfield showed his grateful recollection of his beautiful and witty friend by appointing her son to be Ambassador at St. Petersburg, although he belonged to the Liberal party, in the days before Unionism. Lord Dufferin is fond of telling how he once accosted Disraeli in the lobby of the House and asked him to recommend a novel. "When I want to read a novel," said Dizzy, "I write one." Lord Dufferin has grown rather deaf, and he owed his success as a diplomatist to his charming manners, for he speaks vile French.

It is not strange that Great Britain and the United States should have taken joint action to protect the missionaries at Bitlis. It is rather surprising, indeed, that such concerted action was not manifested at a much earlier stage of the disturbances in Asia Minor. It is not generally known, we believe, that a practical understanding has long existed between the British Embassy and American Legation at Constantinople, by which the American Minister looks after the interests of both British and American missions in the Turkish Empire. The purpose of this arrangement was to leave the British Ambassador free to devote his time to high politics, and not force him to fritter away his influence with the Sultan and Grand Vizier in complaints about schools and zenana workers. In return for taking over this work, the Americans rely upon uniform British support for all their missionary projects, with the result that the American missions throughout Turkey are more numerous by far than in any other non-Christian land. The various Protestant denominations are all fully represented among them, and are in such vigorous rivalry with one another, that until recently it was the settled policy at Washington to appoint a Hebrew to be Minister to Turkey, in order that there might be entire impartiality in settling the differences and securing the protection of the competing Christian sects.

In the old days our young noblemen made the grand tour preparatory to entering public life, and they were generally accompanied by a University don, whose

business it was to see and say nothing. But we have changed all that, and in these times Lord Dudley trains for his duties at the Board of Trade by visiting Brussels and Paris in the company of two of the dullest duennas whom even a careful mother could have chosen. We can imagine the budding statesman who, after all, has lived the life, sitting down to dinner at Voisin's between Sir Courtenay Boyle and Mr. Ritchie, and wishing them both—elsewhere. Light railways are a heavy subject, which the Permanent Secretary and the President of the Board of Trade are well qualified to hammer into Lord Dudley's head, "that's to be let, unfurnished," as Hudibras has it. Poor youth, no doubt the process is necessary, but one can't help pitying him whilst it lasts, for Sir Courtenay Boyle is the quintessence of official conceit, and Mr. Ritchie as a companion is like old David Deans, of whom his daughter said: "Just set him on talking, and he'll get mair comfort to himsel' that way."

If the elections in various parts of the United States can be said to show anything in particular, it is that Mr. Cleveland has failed as a party leader. He seems to be an exceptionally efficient President, but utterly heedless of political organization. Perhaps the one of necessity involved the other. At all events, the Democrats are at almost the lowest ebb of their history. They have been beaten as badly as the Liberals were beaten here last July, and they are as hopelessly at sea as to new leaders and new party cries. The loss of Kentucky and Maryland, two Southern States which have been Democratic from time immemorial, is as characteristic a feature of the "débâcle" as was the loss of Derby's two seats here. That peculiarly Democratic institution, Tammany Hall, has indeed regained its grip upon the electorate of New York city. But this isolated triumph turned upon a Sunday-closing quarrel between the metropolis and the puritanical rural part of New York State, and in no way diminishes the general Republican triumph. In former times the present result would have rendered the election of a Republican President next year a foregone conclusion. But there are no longer any foregone conclusions in American politics. Within a twelvemonth the pendulum may be swinging, as causelessly, and as irresistibly, the other way.

The substitution of Lord Onslow for Mr. Ritchie as the leader of the Moderate party on the County Council is a great improvement. With all his administrative ability, Mr. Ritchie is not fitted for the task of leadership. He is not a good speaker, to begin with, and he has not the art of managing men. In piloting the Local Government Bill of 1888 through the House of Commons Mr. Ritchie showed that he could be pliable and conciliatory when he liked. But somehow or other on the County Council he was always making mistakes of tactics and of manners. He did not appear to take the pains to be conciliatory to his fellow councillors, and he never seemed able to conceal a feeling akin to contempt for the whole business. Lord Onslow, on the contrary, is courteous and considerate to friends and opponents, with the consequence that he is always listened to with attention. Lord Onslow's experience as a colonial governor has no doubt given him the knack of handling his social inferiors with diplomatic skill. In addition to his civility, Lord Onslow is a clear-headed man of business and an excellent speaker, pleasant to listen to, and with a capacity for making party points without offending the other side. His speech on the Unification question on Tuesday was really very good; and as a municipal statesman is the one thing needed just at present, Lord Onslow is to be congratulated on having appeared at the right time in the right place. His opportunity has come.

One of the most rising men in London politics who has been floated into Parliament on the flood-tide of Conservatism is the Hon. Lionel Holland. He is a son of Lord Knutsford by his second wife, and therefore a great-nephew of Lord Macaulay, for whose memory he has a pious respect. Mr. Holland represents Bow and Bromley in the House of Commons, and sitting for an East-End constituency is no doubt a severe trial to a man's political principles. Mr. Holland occasionally

advocates economic heresies in the direction of State Socialism, which causes him to be denounced as a reactionary by that political purist Mr. John Burns, but nobody thinks the worse of him for that. The Moderates on the County Council have very sensibly taken steps to organize their party in earnest, and they have appointed as whips Mr. Holland and Mr. Percy Goulding, both Members of the new Parliament. Mr. Holland is a partner in the publishing firm of Mr. Edward Arnold, and being still in his first youth politically, he will probably go far. At any rate he understands that politics is a business to be worked successfully in pretty much the same way as any other business, by common sense and attention to details.

If it be true that a majority adverse to Mr. T. M. Healy has been secured on the Council of the Irish National Federation, and that he is to be expelled from that body next week, the event will be of more than local interest. Mr. Healy has secured a large sum of ready money for the purpose of starting a daily paper in Dublin, and is reported to be hurrying forward his preparations for its appearance with characteristic energy. A daily edition of Tim Healy making its way all over Ireland, and a golden Healy treasury established in Dublin, would give pause to a score or more of needy Parliamentary patriots who have hitherto voted solidly with Messrs. McCarthy, Dillon, and O'Brien. Few of the patriots have been able to get more than £4 per week for sessional attendance from the Parliamentary party's war chest, and of late there has been a harrowing uncertainty about even that. They will have two months or more in which to ruminate upon their position before Parliament meets and their party assembles to elect its sessional officers. Mr. O'Connor's Irish National League in England is commencing the work of eliminating Mr. Healy from Irish politics, and people who study Ireland from Fleet Street seem to take it for granted that it will afterwards be an easy matter to expel Mr. Healy from the party. Those who know the distressful island will be disposed to wait and see.

The best friends of the Church of England recognize that the question of tithes is a severe strain upon the allegiance of the agricultural population. The grievance of tithes is by no means confined to Wales; it is spreading rapidly in England. Sensible parsons admit that the sooner the tithe is redeemed on some fair basis, the better it will be for themselves, and they would sooner suffer some reduction even of their attenuated incomes than live in perpetual strife with their neighbours. But while all parties are agreed that the tithe should be redeemed, the tithe-payers and tithe-receivers are naturally not agreed as to the basis of redemption. The Tithe Act of 1891 so far simplified the law that it made the landlords, instead of the tenants, liable for the tithes; and it would not be difficult for the State to advance the landlord money on easy terms to buy up his tithe, if only a basis of purchase could be arranged. Ought the tithe to be bought up on its present value, or ought it to be re-valued?

The late Mr. H. R. Farquharson, Conservative Member for one of the divisions of Dorsetshire, enjoyed a reputation for eccentricity, which appears to have been founded on his economic, not his religious, theories. He was the enemy of the parsons, not from any dislike to the Church, but because he thought they levied an unjust tax upon the land. In the current number of the "National Review" Mr. Farquharson makes out a strong case for the re-valuation of the tithe. He makes two points. He shows, first, that the machinery provided by the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836 for regulating the amount of tithe by a scale of averages has now become obsolete and unfair. The average price of corn during a period of seven years was to be ascertained by keeping a record of the sales in certain markets. In those days, when the normal price of wheat was 56s. 2d. a quarter, of barley 31s. 8d., and oats 22s., it paid to send the greater part of the year's crop to market. To-day, with wheat at 18s., barley at 23s. 8d., and oats at 13s. 6d., only the first-rate samples are sent to market, and thus the seven years' average is fallaciously high. His second point is that the amount to be added to the tithe for rates was fixed, not on a sliding scale, but once

and for all on a seven years' average of the rate in the £ at the time, and that the seven years preceding 1836 were the years when the abuses that had grown up under the old Poor-law had arrived at their utmost perfection. Rates were enormously high, in some cases exceeding 20s. in the £. Thus, while rates have fallen by more than fifty per cent, the allowance for rates added to the tithe remains the same as in 1836. This certainly seems an injustice. Let the champion of the tithe-owner answer Mr. Farquharson's facts, if he can.

It would really seem as if the London police were determined to teach every one how little their evidence is worth. The other day they accused Professor Ray Lankester of causing an obstruction in Piccadilly, and the magistrate, Mr. Newton, stultified himself by binding over a man of European reputation to keep the peace in his own recognizances of £10. Now we have again the same co-workers, a policeman and an unfortunate, attempting to prove that Mr. George Alexander, the actor, was guilty of gross misconduct in the street within a few yards of his own house. Constable 286 B gave positive and circumstantial evidence that showed long training in such accusations. The female prisoner, who, we are told, "was of very commonplace appearance, wretchedly dressed, and in evident bad health," corroborated her master, the constable, as was to be expected. Mr. De Rutzen, however, said that though "the police had given their evidence in a most satisfactory way, he would give Mr. Alexander the benefit of the doubt and discharge him." That is, the magistrate took it upon himself to insult a man of position and character on the evidence of a policeman and a street-walker. We can only congratulate Mr. Alexander that he followed instead of preceding Professor Ray Lankester. The eyes of the public are being opened, and distrust of police testimony is growing, thanks to the efforts of the Press. A Bishop or a Cabinet Minister will be arrested one of these days on a charge of "drunk and disorderly," and then Mr. Newton or De Rutzen, as the case may be, will perhaps refrain from complimenting the police.

Already these magistrates can study the effect of their decisions. Mr. Newton will doubtless be interested in hearing that Professor Ray Lankester has been recommended for election into the Council of the Royal Society, and Mr. Rutzen will be equally delighted to learn that the audience at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday evening welcomed Mr. Alexander's appearance with rounds of enthusiastic cheers.

M. Paul Margueritte has just published a new volume of short tales under the title "Simple Histoire." The title is distressing; it reminds one of Flaubert's masterpiece in the way of short stories, "Cœur Simple." And Paul Margueritte was more than foolish to challenge this comparison. In truth, "Simple Histoire" and the other tales in this volume are beneath criticism.

RIETTE.

A LITTLE excitement, a little affection,
A little consent, and a final rejection;
Consent and denial, a sister and brother,
Each just sufficing to sully the other—
A week to remember, a day to forget—
And there you have love as conceived by Riette.
How much more delightful a passion like this,
Than the love which turns earth into Heaven with its
kiss,
But which wounds whilst it heals, and before you're
aware,
Turns a prayer to a kiss, and a kiss to a prayer.
It is all very charming; but this is the trick of it—
It refuses to go, when your prudence is sick of it;
And ev'n if you kill it, you'll find to your cost
It is hard to get rid of the corpse of the lost.
How much better is love as conceived by Riette,
With its week to remember, its day to forget,
Which comes without life, and which goes without
pain,
And leaves nothing behind in the heart but a stain!

W. H. M.

MUSCOVITE FAITH.

THE intervention of the Triple Alliance at Constantinople may or may not be a direct triumph for British diplomacy, but in any case it must have brought immense relief to Downing Street. That the Eastern Question will now be settled offhand need not be expected, but at least the situation is no longer one in which this country stands to lose much and gain nothing. A way out of the dangerous predicament in which Lord Kimberley placed England last spring has been providentially opened for us, and we make no doubt that Lord Salisbury has during the week satisfied his Cabinet colleagues that this chance of escape is to be utilized. All six of the Great Powers are associated in the new warning to the Sultan, that if he cannot at once restore order within the Ottoman Empire others will undertake the task. This means that England is accompanied by her friends as well as her enemies in the enterprise of preventing Turkish anarchy from precipitating a European war, and need not fear any more the peril of suddenly finding herself alone, and confronted by a hostile combination, at some critical turn of affairs. It is, as we have said, a great relief. Indeed it simplifies the situation in the Mediterranean so much that we may well believe the rumour that the Cabinet Councils of the week devoted far more attention to the questions arising from what is practically the partition of China. There, for the moment, matters are at a standstill, but it remains none the less true that in that quarter are to be found our most serious difficulties. It is understood that until recently our Foreign Office has hesitated between two policies: one of opposing a flat negative to Russian aggrandizement in Manchuria and Korea, the other of meeting it by at once taking for ourselves equivalent territorial compensations. It is highly probable that during the week some progress toward a choice between these two courses has been made, if indeed a definite decision has not been reached. But these secrets are well guarded, and at this time it can only be repeated that our real trouble is in the Far East.

Whenever these periodical conflicts arise between British and Russian interests and ambitions, some one always asks why Russia and England, instead of maintaining a ceaseless and menacing rivalry, should not come to an all-round understanding and agree upon an amicable division of everything in dispute. In 1885, when feeling ran so high over the Penjdeh incident that even Mr. Gladstone turned his back upon Mme. Novikoff and M. Lessar, this notion of a friendly bargain with Russia was abandoned by everybody but Mr. Stead; and the crowd, if we remember aright, gave him tangible proof of its unpopularity. But with quieter times the idea revived, and the events of last winter, when for a whole month the Prince of Wales seemed to be nearer to the new Czar and to the heart of the Russian people than any other representative of a foreign Power, gave it an enormous impetus. The influence of the kindly emotions then aroused is still very strong in England, and furnishes the obvious inspiration for the arguments one now hears in quite unexpected quarters in favour of a comprehensive arrangement with Russia. Why, it is asked, should we not deal frankly with our great rival, and, taking a map of Asia, say, "Let so much be recognized as within your sphere of influence, so much within ours. We will not haggle over details, but establish certain broad principles, and embody them in permanent treaty form, and be friends in the future instead of suspicious enemies?" Put in this form, the idea undoubtedly has a certain superficial attractiveness. It must be apparent to everybody that if England could be freed from all necessities of protecting her world-wide possessions and trade-interests against Russia, the gain to us would be tremendous; and the assumption is not unnatural that Russia would also see great advantages in such an arrangement. Starting with these premisses, people go on to infer that the two Powers could be brought together upon this amiable and mutually profitable basis, if our Foreign Office only went to work about it in the right way. From this it is only a step to the conviction that our responsible statesmen deliberately choose to embroil us with Russia, on the strength of their personal likes and dislikes, when the alternative of a beneficent peace is

equally open to us. This is what Mr. Gladstone persuaded a majority of the electorate to believe in 1880, and it is what others are in effect preaching now. While we wait for the next development of the Far Eastern imbroglio, it may not be amiss to consider the reasons why an understanding with Russia is hardly within the range of possibility.

At the very outset, there is no Russia to make an agreement with, in the sense that there is a Germany, or an England, or a Portugal. There is a Tsar, and nothing more, and for all international purposes he is as irresponsible as a moonbeam. Such a thing as a Prime Minister or a cohesive Cabinet is unknown in Russia. There are Ministers, it is true, but they are independent of each other, very often openly antagonistic to one another, and each deals directly and confidentially with the Tsar himself. The ten Ministers are supposed, it is true, to meet in Committee at stated intervals, but of this so-called Committee numerous chiefs of sections, presidents of departments, and other officials are also members, and its sessions are of only the most formal character. Of any responsible government, bound by any traditions of continuity or the demands of consistency, there is not a trace. No one in authority is under obligation to satisfy anybody but the Tsar, and he, in theory, does not find it necessary to please any one but himself. In practice, he renders life as bearable for himself as possible by pleasing those for the time being nearest to him.

How this system works in international relations may be judged by one example. The late Tsar entertained strong views about being his own Foreign Minister. To the end of his working days he insisted upon personally superintending the entire business of the department of which M. de Giers was the titular head. We know that Alexander III. was an honest man, scrupulously regardful of his work. Yet his high personal character and his earnest supervision of affairs did not prevent Batoum being made into a first-class fortress, in defiance of Russia treaty obligations to preserve it as an unfortified open port. Nowhere else, for that matter, did the Tsar's personal virtues seem to affect particularly the course of Russian diplomacy. Throughout his reign there was no perceptible decrease in the broken promises, evasions of treaties, and discreditable tricks of all kinds to be charged against the Russian Foreign Office. Although he had a special liking for the Finns, and reposed such confidence in them that his residences were guarded by Finnish regiments, it was in his name that the ancient guarantees of the autonomy of Finland were torn up, and an intolerable usurpation of Russian bureaucracy thrust upon its people. He is said in Helsingfors to have died without ever understanding why, on his last summer-holiday visit to Finland, the populace did not cheer him as warmly as usual. Here, as elsewhere, he was responsible in theory for practices which in fact he never heard about.

Of the present Tsar nothing is known. He has been on the throne for a year, and there is not a hint of anything he has said or done to shape the conduct of Russian affairs. To what extent Prince Lobanoff enjoys a free hand at the Russian Foreign Office is as little known to outsiders as is the composition of the palace group which secured his selection for the post. All that is certain is that in March last an announcement that M. de Staal had been chosen for the office was permitted by the official censor to be sent out from St. Petersburg, and that two days later Prince Lobanoff was appointed instead. Whether this signified a change in plans at the last moment, or was merely a device to learn what England would say about M. de Staal, remains a mystery. What we do see is that Prince Lobanoff has been as consistently anti-British in his policy as any of his predecessors. There is nothing to show that he desires a friendly understanding with this country. Still less can any one point out a possible way by which we could make sure that what Prince Lobanoff agreed to to-day would be binding upon some new adviser of Nicholas II. next week. There is nobody in Russia charged with the duty of keeping Russia's promises or fulfilling her undertakings.

The deep-seated instinct in the British mind against trusting Russia is, we believe, something more than a mere insular prejudice; it is a sound intuition, created

by long experience. We have paid liberally for our knowledge of the Muscovite character, and for our information as to the methods of the Russian Foreign Office. It would be the part of folly now for us to ignore the lesson of generations, and listen afresh to the fine professions and clever special pleading which have gulled so many of us in the past.

THE LABOUR WAR.

IT is difficult for the casual reader to know what to make of the Belfast labour dispute in its latest Scottish developments. On the one hand, the claim of a well-organized body of men for a comparatively trifling advance in the face of a rising market would seem destined to result in a speedy settlement, especially in view of the circumstance that wages in the Belfast shipyards have twice been reduced within the last couple of years, on the understanding that, "when trade permits," the old rate would be restored. On the other hand, we have the fact that instead of a settlement of the trouble we have a grave crisis, with possibilities of the most menacing kind for a great industry which, by the time masters and men have done quarrelling, may be found to have passed over in great part to those German and American ports that have been carefully preparing themselves for the contingency. It is just because the risk is so obvious, and the penalty so crushing, that we are bound to conclude that reasons of the gravest sort must actuate the Irish and Scotch employers in the course they have adopted. To lightly precipitate such a dispute at such a moment would be little short of a crime.

It is difficult to measure the respective strength of the opposing forces, and this is partly owing to the remarkable reserve which distinguished the early stages of the struggle. We have grown so accustomed to the windbag type of Labour leader, that a movement without bands, and banners, and demonstrations, and collecting-boxes—especially collecting-boxes—seems scarcely real. Cardinals and bishops, lord mayors and politicians, have not been invited to pity the sorrows of the riveters, boiler-makers, and engineers: where such aid has been proffered, it has been politely declined on both sides. There has been no picketing and no harrying of black-legs—perhaps because there are no black-legs to harry. Mr. Tom Mann, from this side of the water, exhorts the engineers to realize their "glorious position," and declares that they would be "miscreants" if they accepted the terms of their employers; but in Belfast they do not seem to appreciate Mr. Tom Mann, and the leaders of the strike are not wasting their breath in talk about "glory" and "miscreants." The curious visitor who sets out by the Logan-side to discover symptoms of the "great excitement" of the reporters, has his walk for his pains, and if at last he makes his way to Engineers' Hall, he finds at the strike headquarters nothing more exciting than a curt notice to the effect that members of the trade are requested not to "hang about the place." "Hands off," rather than "Come over and help us," is the motto of the Belfast strikers.

How then are we to reconcile this apparent moderation with the fact that the first blows, at any rate, have been exchanged in what may prove the greatest industrial struggle of our generation? Why, above all, are the Glasgow and Greenock masters locking out men with whom they have no immediate quarrel, in "sympathy" with the Belfast shipwrights? The truth, of course, is that the accidental occasion of the struggle has but an indirect bearing on its real causes. Ever since the series of disputes identified with the "New Unionism" proved that individual employers were powerless before great combinations of workmen, it has been clear that, in the absence of any possible legislative or executive restriction, capitalists could only find safety with regard to their employees in counter combination. The Shipping Federation, the Coal Owners' Association, and, on a smaller local scale, the Belfast Linen Merchants' Association, each attempted to provide this combination, and in each case a very considerable measure of success followed. The lesson has obviously not been lost on the master shipbuilders. It was known that the prospect of improved business would be accompanied by a

demand for increased wages, and, during the summer, negotiations were going on between Belfast and Glasgow as to how the demand was to be met. The masters' case is that, although there is a great increase in orders, there is no corresponding increase in profits, owing to the low prices at which they were obliged to tender in order to underbid foreign competition. All the same, they knew that if they were tackled separately, each would in turn be forced to concede the demands of the men; a levy of a couple of pence a week on the engineers would suffice to keep the Belfast men on strike pay for an indefinite period, while work would be going to the rival yards. So the great masters' trade-union was formed.

The men were warned, but they seem to have relied on the jealousies between Belfast and the Clyde to prevent any real alliance between the masters. So the Belfast men went on strike with a light heart, and now they find themselves face to face with a stringent treaty, offensive and defensive, providing that the district in which a strike occurs "shall be entitled" to call on certain other districts to pay off their workmen in instalments of twenty-five per cent per week. The men had not realized this, and they were taken aback when the Clyde masters put the treaty into effect on Wednesday morning. On the other hand, the masters seem to have believed that the mere threat of a universal lock-out would restrain the men, so that each side has probably gone further than it at first intended. Will either turn back before it is too late? We confess that, as things stand, we see little hope of it. If the dispute continues, the spring may still find us with our leading shipyards closed, our policy of naval extension hampered, our trade injured and political rivals abroad taking full advantage of the tempting situation. The possibility of such a disaster would justify almost any form of intervention; but how is it to be brought about? The forces are evenly matched. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers at the last statement of accounts were in possession of a balance of £200,000; they are the most powerful workmen's organization in the world; and the other Trade Unions involved are not far behind the Engineers in strength. So lavish are the Engineers of their resources, that in order to prevent any danger of discord, the local Society has decided that the few engineers in Belfast "eligible for membership, but not members" of the Society, shall receive strike pay, a piece of tactics probably unique in the history of these disputes. The masters, on the other hand, have financial resources that are practically unlimited, for their agreement provides a revenue composed of "entrance fee," "contributions," and "strike levies," just as in the case of a workmen's trade-union.

Who is to intervene between such combatants? Mr. Gerald Balfour is sympathetic, and we think he would make the best of peacemakers. We have indeed heard it said in political circles that his official position is a hindrance to Mr. Gerald Balfour's intervention; that he might be charged with trying to influence the next elections in Belfast. But surely it is a far cry till the next elections, and Mr. Gerald Balfour's impartiality would hardly be questioned by his worst enemy.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

IT is the misfortune of the London Progressives that they are perpetually overreaching themselves by their own preternatural astuteness. In the last Parliament they so cleverly concocted the terms of the reference to the Royal Commission that the principle of Unification was not examined, but was assumed as the basis for an inquiry into the means by which it might be carried out. They then proceeded to pack the Commission with such trusty partisans as Lord Farrer and Mr. Leonard Courtney, with the result that the Report innocently adopted the Progressive plan for the absorption of the City Corporation. But happily you cannot burke the discussion of a great question in this country; and all the Machiavellian intrigues of Messrs. Stuart and Benn have availed them nothing. The question of Unification has not been advanced an inch by these manoeuvres. The *ex parte* Report of the Royal Commission failed to carry weight with the electors. At

the last Municipal Election in the spring, when Unification was the main plank in the Progressive platform parties were exactly equal; while in the General Election which followed the Radical members were reduced to a tenth of the total representation. The present Government is more likely to be impressed by these facts than by the majority of fourteen by which Mr. Hoare carried his amendment to Lord Onslow's motion in the Council on last Tuesday. Five Moderates, we are informed, were absent unpaired, Mr. Westacott abstained, whilst two Moderates, Messrs. Rose-Innes and Bond, voted against Lord Onslow. If, therefore, the Moderates had been present in their full number, and if they had been unanimous, the Progressive majority would only have been four, and that would have been obtained by means of the non-elected aldermen. Well might Lord Onslow exclaim that such a victory was the work of the dead hand of the Council of 1892, and could not be taken to represent the present wish of the people of London. The fact of the matter is that the Corporation and the Progressives know exactly what they want; the Moderates do not. The Progressives want to turn the Corporation out; the Corporation wants to remain where it is; and the Moderates talk rather vaguely and inconsistently about transferring certain powers from the Corporation to the County Council, on the one hand, and, on the other, about increasing the powers of the local authorities. What the Progressives want may be found in the published scheme of the last Council, and in the slightly modified version of it which appeared in the Report of the Commission. The Corporation are to be forced to hand over their Mansion House, their Guildhall, their Museum, their School of Music, their markets, their Courts of Justice, their charities, their money, and their plate to the County Council. After an interval, the Corporation are to be allowed to return, with their Mayor, but without their Aldermen, in order to manage their pavements and their drains on an eleemosynary allowance of £10,000 a year, graciously doled out to them from their own funds by the County Council. We admit that this modest proposal excuses the stubborn and angry resistance of the Corporation to all proposals of reform emanating from the Council. But the excusable is not always the expedient; and we think the City will make a mistake if it sullenly intrenches itself behind its charters and its prescription, and refuses to talk with its enemies in the gate. We believe, for instance, that the City is in reality prepared to surrender to the central metropolitan authority the control of such markets as lie without its own area and the management of Epping Forest. Then why not say so? Again, as it is a Progressive grievance that in some matters which concern the whole of London, the County Council's powers of rating and administration stop short at the City boundary, let the Council levy the lunacy rate and exercise authority over lunatics within the area of the City. The more the City gives up, the more it will keep for itself in the long run. But the most interesting question of all is, "What is the policy of the Moderates?" What do they mean when they talk of local municipalities? Lord Farrer put to them very pertinent questions when he asked them the other day, "Do you or do you not wish that there should be a central authority for London? What do you wish to be the relations between that body and the local authorities? Do you mean that the relation of the City Corporation to the central body shall be the same as or different from that of the other local authorities?"

The cardinal principle of Local Government is so thoroughly proved by experience that it is not disputed. When the area to be administered is of a certain size, centralization undoubtedly effects economy in management and unity, and therefore vigour, of policy. When the area is more than a certain size, what you save in salaries you more than lose in the muddling wastefulness and jobbery which are the inevitable results of want of local knowledge and the impossibility of strict supervision. These are truisms, which nevertheless require restating from time to time. But the questions at issue between the centrifugal and centripetal parties in municipal politics are, At what point does an area become unmanageably large? and, What are the precise functions which should be entrusted to the local and central bodies respectively? Mr. Hoare declared that

the natural boundary of London, as an administrative unit, was that of the Metropolis Management Act of 1856. What he meant is not clear, as London has doubled in size since 1856, and will in all probability again be doubled in the next fifty years. Lord Onslow wishes the vestries and district boards to confer with the Council as to what powers should be handed over from the central to the local bodies. Mr. Whitmore wants the Government to appoint another Commission to divide London into municipal districts governed by municipal councils. Both these steps must be taken before anything like a settlement of this question can be attempted by Parliament. In the meantime it would be as well if the more ardent municipal reformers were to recognize that the trend of public opinion is towards decentralization. There is a well-founded opinion that the County Council has too much to do, and that it must part with all those functions which could be equally well done by a local body. If the vestries and district boards are to be transformed into municipal councils, which will command respect and secure the services of able men, they must receive considerable contributions of power from the other governing bodies of London. They should take over the duties of the Burial boards, the Library commissioners, and the Baths commissioners, while they might well relieve the Poor-law guardians of the administration of the Vaccination Acts and the registration of births, deaths, and marriages. They should lighten the labours of the overworked County Council by undertaking the duties in connection with such matters as the prevention of offensive trades, the licensing of slaughter-houses and of cow-houses, the registration and inspection of dairies, sky-signs, overhead wires, weights and measures, gas-meters, infant life protection, unhealthy areas, the management of working-class lodging-houses, and the enforcement of the Shop-hours Acts. These are some of the administrative functions which obviously require local rather than central supervision, and which, if the municipal councils are worth creating at all, they ought to be able to do at least as well as the County Council. As to the number of municipal councils and their areas, the solution will, in our opinion, be found in a compromise between the tenification of the "Pall Mall Gazette" and the fortyfication of Mr. Sidney Webb. Some of the existing areas will have to be enlarged, others to be compressed, and in the Procrustean process, no doubt, a limb or two will be broken, and a vestry clerk here and there will cry out. The City, for example, is the richest and the smallest area; and as it is absurd to maintain the boundaries of the Plantagenet period, the City might annex Holborn on the west, Whitechapel on the east, and Clerkenwell on the north. The districts of Westminster and the Strand, again, might be combined. By this process of addition and subtraction, a process of political arithmetic which must be carefully worked out, twenty-five, or at most thirty, municipal districts could be carved out. The old City might be left in undisturbed possession of most of its property and its constitution, but with enlarged boundaries it would form one of the twenty-five Municipal Councils grouped around the County Council. On some such lines as these, we are confident, all sensible men will be agreed before very long that the reform of London government must be carried out.

THE CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

THE gift of a sum of £200 from the Royal Bounty to a certain Mr. Brooks, to which we referred some time since, was only one more instance of the abuses to which this Fund and the Civil List Pensions are subjected. The matter is rarely referred to in the House of Commons, because, we suppose, the sums are, as a rule, small, and it appears to be to no Member's interest to question the qualifications of any particular person for the reception of a trifling pension. Yet the principle, or rather lack of principle, upon which the Civil List Pensions are distributed is so astonishing that the subject is worth a little investigation. The case of Mr. Brooks was an undoubted scandal, but the majority of cases do not amount to more than an unaccountable perversion of the public moneys. The Civil List Pension Fund stands at £1200 yearly: that is to say, the Government is authorized to give away

annual pensions every year to that amount. Ostensibly, pensions are given to deserving cases, and we take it that two qualifications are necessary. In the first place, the applicant should have some claim upon the generosity of the country, either because of services, public, literary, artistic, and the like, rendered in person, or through a relative upon whom he or she may be supposed to have been dependent. In the second place, inadequate circumstances should be proved. When, however, we come to examine the pension lists, the gap between theory and practice is amazing. During the last thirty-five years 500 pensions have been granted. These may be roughly classified as follows: 12 for public services in a general way, and 128 to relatives; 124 for services in literature, and 86 to relatives; 41 for science, and 43 to relatives; 17 for art, and 25 to relatives; 7 for music, and 5 to relatives; 2 to relatives of dramatists; 2 to relatives of jurists; and 7 which may be termed purely eleemosynary, inasmuch as no qualification of any kind beyond poverty is mentioned.

It may well be that in the case of some of its rewards the Government is best able to determine which are most deserved. In such instances we are unable to pass a very rigorous criticism upon the pensions awarded. Mr. Henry Cort's inventions in the matter of iron, for example, may have justified us in paying £50 a year to each of his daughters. But in regard to literary and artistic services, the public is in as good a position to judge as a Minister, who is not appointed to his place for any special knowledge in art or letters. Since 1860 there have been two hundred "literary" pensions. A brief examination of these, taken in the order in which they fall, is instructive. Here are some: Mr. Edward Atherstone, "in consideration of his great services to literature"; Dr. Robert Bigsby, "in consideration of his great services, &c."; Mr. Dudley Costello, "in consideration of the many years devoted by him to the pursuit of literature, and the high character of his works"; Mrs. Mary Haydn, "in consideration of the literary merit of her husband, the late Mr. Haydn, author of 'Dictionary of Dates'"; Miss E. and Miss C. Murphy (sisters of "the late Mrs. Jameson"); Miss Julia Tilt ("literary merit"); Miss Emma Robinson ("romances, historical plays, &c., of admitted excellence"); Mr. Leitch Ritchie, Mr. Thomas Roscoe, Mr. John Seymour, Mr. John Wade, Miss Frances Browne, Mr. S. W. Füllom, Mrs. Strutt, and Mr. Cyrus Redding. All these names but one, it will be observed, are utterly unknown. It is obvious that literary talent could not have been present in any remarkable degree, if the very memory of the persons themselves has died out in a generation. But, indeed, the tale is the same from one end to the other of the list. It is, in the main, a list of nonentities, who may or may not have been in straitened circumstances. But to be in straitened circumstances, as we have seen, is not necessarily to have a claim upon the Civil List. It is, however, impracticable, and it would be tedious to take the names *seriatim*, and so we will now pick out those which may possibly be known by the present generation. Here are some: the Rev. W. Barnes, Mr. Charles Mackay, Mr. Isaac Taylor, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. W. Allingham, Miss Eliza Cook, Miss Dinah Mulock, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and innumerable popular stories (£60 a year from 1864 to her death a few years ago), Mr. W. Howitt, Mrs. Oliphant (£100 since 1868), Mr. Harrison Ainsworth (a highly successful author, we should have supposed), Mr. Robert Buchanan, who has made, according to report, thousands of pounds out of his plays, and has recently failed also for some thousands (£100 since 1870), Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy ("poet"), Mr. Martin Tupper (£120), Mr. Richard Hengist Horne, Mrs. Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, a popular authoress at the present (£80 since 1880, on account of Professor Clifford's attainments), Mr. O'Connor ("poet"), Mr. Edwin Waugh, Mr. David Wingate ("poet"), Mr. F. J. Furnivall (£150 in 1883, "in recognition of his services to English philology and literature"), Mr. J. A. H. Murray (£250 because of his "English Dictionary"), Professor Huxley (£300 in 1885), Mr. Augustus Mongredien ("in consideration of the merits and public utility of his literary work"), Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mr. Matthew

Arnold (£250), Mr. Charles Kent (£100 in 1886 "in recognition of the value of his contributions to biographical and other literature"), Mrs. Jefferies (widow of Richard Jefferies), Mrs. Proctor (widow of R. A. Proctor), Miss Emily Faithfull, Lady Wilde, Mr. George Barnett Smith, Dr. R. F. Weymouth (in 1891 "in recognition of his services to literature"), Miss A. B. Edwards, Mr. Edward Walford, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Mr. George MacDonald (£100 since 1877), Dr. Hake, Miss M. Betham Edwards, Mrs. Katharine Macquoid. How many of these pensioners, one asks, really fulfil the conditions of a pension? Of many of them it is not alleged that they are destitute, and certainly upon other grounds, namely, literary competency, there are barely half a dozen eligible in the list. And the last return issued in July this year is no more satisfactory. It contains the names of Miss Hesta and Miss Clara Pater, Mrs. P. G. Hamerton, Mr. William Watson, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. Alexander Bain, and Mr. George Augustus Sala. Surely, some of these names show an abuse of the Pension Fund which is inexcusable.

Again, under art and music we find such names as Hoppner, Cross, Hayter, Cruikshank, Doo, Leech, Thomas, Brookes, Warren, Philip, Wesley, Nash, Smart, Goss, Steele, Bell, and Harrison Weir. It is obvious that there is not the slightest system in the selection of pensioners, and there is no reason whatever why £100 should fall to this man rather than to that, save that his case is represented by influential people or with greater persistence. If that be so, it is manifest that the object of the Civil List Pension is entirely set at naught, and we had far better abolish it at once. There may be a sentimental apology for giving the surviving descendants of Defoe an annuity, but what are we to think when we read: "Miss Eliza Meteyard, in recognition of her services to literature," or "Mr. Edward Edwards, in recognition of his valuable services in the cause of literature"? Again, what do these items in the return of 1893 mean: "Miss L. M. J. Garnett, in recognition of her literary merits, and to enable her to prosecute her researches in Oriental folk-lore," and "Mr. John Gwenogwryn Evans (£200) to enable him to continue his researches in Welsh literature"? No one is likely to offer us a pension to enable us to prosecute our researches in the Civil List Pensions; and yet we are sure that in making these remarks we are doing a public service.

REMINISCENCES OF GREAT MEN

GIVEN BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

JUST as the late Admiral Hornby was said to have been the ablest Admiral in the British navy since Nelson, so it may be said of Lord Wolseley that he is the ablest Commander the British army has had since Wellington. This comparison must not be taken to mean that there is any likeness between the qualities and powers of the two generals. On the contrary, no two men could be more dissimilar. And yet we believe that Lord Wolseley suits these latter days that are scientific and utilitarian in spirit, almost as well as Wellington suited the forces of reaction. The characteristic of the new Commander-in-Chief is high intelligence, and in the reforms instituted during the last twenty years, most of which are due to his initiative, he has shown that he takes his profession seriously, and realizes that in war, of all trades, everything must be sacrificed to utility. He has, besides, all sorts of incidental qualities and graces that are not without their value. He is frank and of ready access, good-humoured and good-natured, as an Irishman should be, a loyal friend, with such generosity in him that many of the highest officers in the army owe their advancement to his appreciation. But, nevertheless, it is his intellect that has given him his present position. He is, perhaps, the only soldier, save Henry Brackenbury, of whom it would be true to say that he would have made his way to the front in any profession that he might have chosen by sheer force of clear mental vision and promptitude of decision. He is not a good talker; but ask him, for instance, why he chose the Nile route instead of the Suakim-Berber route in his Nile expedition, and he will marshal reason after reason with a mingled quickness and subordinating care that have their own eloquence. It remains to be seen now whether he is

able enough and strong enough to remould our army into correspondence with modern conditions. Every one is agreed that we require a home army for defence, which should be made up chiefly of Volunteers, who would receive some pay to compensate for loss of time. In fact we need a home army very like the Swiss, an excellent instrument of defence. And besides this, we need an Indian and Colonial army of about 100,000 men, tried and seasoned soldiers who would spend fifteen or twenty years with the colours, and who, with the practical experience of warfare which they would get in India, should be the finest troops in the world. Both these armies together ought not to cost much more than half what our present army costs. The best judges are agreed that from ten to twelve millions could be saved on the Home Budget under this one head. And it is perfectly plain that if half that sum were given to increasing the navy, and the other half used in remitting taxation, the country would be stronger and more prosperous than it is at present. Has Lord Wolseley the inflexible resolution, as he undoubtedly has the intellectual power, necessary for such a reform? It is evident from his speech to the Clothworkers' Company on Wednesday last that he sees what direction reform should take. He touched every point; the navy, he said, was the "first service of the Kingdom"; if expenditure were to be reduced, "the reduction should take place in the army, not in the navy"; "a great deal remains to be done to make the army perfect," and above all the following words, which we transcribe literally: "I hope to improve especially that great Volunteer force, to which I attach so much importance." If Lord Wolseley carries out the reforms he sees to be necessary, and makes our army, to use his own words, "a real fighting machine," he may yet stand in history side by side with Marlborough and Wellington, as Von Roon stands side by side with Moltke.

But let us recur now to the charm of intercourse with Lord Wolseley, and to the happy and kindly qualities which endear him to his friends. He is at his best when speaking of his war experiences, whether in the New World or in the Old. No one has ever given more graphic sketches of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson than Lord Wolseley can give, as the French say, between the pear and the cheese; and his stories of the Crimea, of the Indian Mutiny, of wars in China and Africa, are hardly to be equalled. Let us take a Crimean story first, premising solely that memory, however vivid, is not a phonograph, and in this instance it is careless of incidental details, which added little but local colour to the picture. The tale was elicited by a question as to whether Lord Wolseley knew Charles Gordon in the Crimea and what he thought of him.

"Oh yes, I knew Gordon—knew him very well. We were subalterns together; young fellows, just beginning life, full of spirits and go. In spite of all the hardships the road before us seemed bright, interminable—always leading upwards. Gerald Graham, Gordon, and I were often together in the advanced works in front of the Redan. We had already come to look on Graham's courage as something almost supernatural. You know his height, well on to six feet six inches I should say. Well, he used to stand up on the trenches and pay no more attention to the Russian fire than if the bullets had been snowballs; and when he was relieved in the evening, instead of crawling along the trench under cover, he used to step out of it on to the open ground and make a bee-line for his quarters. At first the Russians were too astonished at this piece of cheek to take any steps to put an end to it, but as it was repeated again and again their sharpshooters grew more numerous, till at last a perfect mob of them used to wait for Graham's appearance and then let fly. But he walked away, *with his back to them*, evening after evening, as cool as a cucumber, and was never touched. Again and again we remonstrated with him, told him he had no business to make a cock-shy of himself; but nothing we could say altered his resolution. 'He'd be hung,' he said, 'before he'd take the trouble to crawl a quarter of a mile out of his way to avoid the Russian fire—let them shoot, and be damn'd to them.'

"And you," we asked, interrupting the narrator; "how used you to go to your tent?"

"Oh," he went on, modestly, with a gleam of humour in his eyes, "I crawled along the trench in the mud and

slush till I was well beyond gunshot. I suppose my disposition was calculating and ambitious. I did not see what could be taken by getting a bullet in the back for no reason."

"And Gordon?"—again we interrupted.

"That's the curious part of it," was the reply. "One evening Charley Gordon would link arms with Graham, and walk away as if a hailstorm of bullets had no power to hurt him, and the very next evening he would crawl along the trench after me as if he would like to hide in the slush."

The second story is concerned with a man who will probably be found to have won enduring reputation, though not exactly the fame of the heroic defender of Khartoum.

"War correspondents!" exclaimed Lord Wolseley. "Some of them are desperately brave, while others are anything but heroes. The majority, I think, do their duty well, even when it leads them into tight places. By the way, talking of tight places and war correspondents, I remember an incident that may interest you. It was at the beginning of the Ashanti campaign, just after our landing; a square-built little man came up to me and said, speaking slowly and with an unmistakable American accent:

"General, allow me to introduce myself: I am the correspondent of the 'New York Herald.' I—"

"Too busy to attend to him, I cut him short with, 'What can I do for you, sir?'"

"He replied imperturbably, with the same exasperating slowness, 'Well, General, I want to be as near you as I can if there is any fighting' to be seen."

"Captain So-and-So has charge of all the arrangements concerning correspondents," I rejoined, curtly; "you had better see him." And with this I turned on my heel and went about my business.

"I saw no more of my correspondent with the aggravating coolness and slowness of speech for many a day. I did not even know whether he was accompanying the column or not.

"Personally speaking, I was only in danger once during the whole expedition. It was shortly before we entered Coomassie. I had pressed forward with the advanced troops, hoping to break the last effort at resistance and have done with the affair, when the enemy, utilizing the heavy covert, came down and fairly surrounded us. For a few minutes the position was critical and every man had to fight, for the enemy's fire was poured in at close quarters. They pressed upon us from all sides, dodging from tree to tree, and continually edging closer, hoping to get hand to hand. In the hottest of it my attention was caught by a man in civilian's clothes, who was some fifteen or twenty yards in front of me, and who was completely surrounded by the advancing savages. He seemed to pay no heed to the danger he was in, but, kneeling on one knee, took aim and fired again and again, and I seemed to see that every time he fired, a black man fell. I was fascinated by his danger and coolness. As our main body came up and the savages were driven back, I went forward to see that no harm came to my civilian friend, who rose just as I reached him. To my astonishment it was the correspondent of the 'New York Herald,' and he began again in the same slow, calm way:

"Well, General—"

"Again I interrupted him: 'You were lucky to escape. Didn't you see that you were surrounded?'"

"Well, General," he began again, "I guess I was too much occupied by the niggers in front to pay much attention to those behind."

"That was evidently the simple truth. Whatever men may say in the future about Henry M. Stanley, no one that has seen him in danger will deny that his courage is of the first quality. I took a liking to him on the spot, and we became great friends; nor has anything occurred since to alter my opinion of him."

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SOUTH-WESTERN CHINA.

THE conclusion of the Franco-Chinese and Anglo-Chinese wars in 1885, left England's domains bordering on the south-west provinces of China, and those of France on the south-east provinces. It was natural,

therefore, that these new neighbours of China, both largely dependent for their future prosperity on the extension of their trade, should take steps to exploit the magnificent undeveloped markets in Southern China and Central Indo-China by pushing railways from one or other of the seaports in their possession to the borders of those markets, and, if possible, into their very centre. In 1887, two years after the close of the wars, two reports were drawn up and presented to the Governments of the United Kingdom and France respectively with this end in view. The first was made jointly by myself and my late colleague, Mr. Colquhoun, as the fruit of my railway exploration-surveys in 1883-84. This report included the full account of my explorations, with illustrations, sections, and maps, descriptions of the country, accounts of previous explorations, and an estimate for the Burma-Siam-China railway and its branch to Bangkok, fifty-five miles of which have since been constructed by the King of Siam. The main line, leading from our Burmese seaport of Moulmein to Szumao, which is the frontier town and emporium of trade in South-West China, and lies to the east of the Mekong, was estimated at 703 miles in length, and the approximate cost was given as Rs. 66,758,823, or, at 1s. 2d. exchange, £3,894,265. Three hundred and twenty miles of the railway, estimated to cost Rs. 35,735,294, or £2,084,559, lay within our dominions; and the remaining three hundred and eighty-three miles, estimated to cost Rs. 31,023,529, or £1,809,706, were in Siamese territory. The branch line, which leaves the main line at Raheng, and, passing down the valley of the Meping and Menam, has its southern terminus at Bangkok, was estimated at 268 miles in length, with an approximate cost of Rs. 18,917,647, or £1,103,529. The King of Siam, I had been assured on the best authority, that of our Minister at Bangkok, was ready to carry out his part of this system of railways, if the Government of India would undertake the portions lying in our territory. The railway surveys since carried out by British engineers for the King for the portion of the branch and main line lying between Bangkok and the Mekong, at Kiang Hsen, afford further evidence of his being in earnest in the matter. The construction of the Burma-Siam-China Railway and its branch to Bangkok would have opened to our trade Siam, the Siamese Shan States, and the British Shan States in the basin of the Mekong, and from its Chinese terminus at Szumao, a system of lines would doubtless have sprung, penetrating China in various directions, largely to the benefit of British, British-Indian, and Chinese trade. The line would have given us administrative and military control over our new and valuable possessions in the basin of the Mekong, greatly increased our trade with Siam and the Shan States, and largely tended to the enrichment and general welfare of our new subjects.

The report to the French Government in 1887 was presented by a Commission that had been appointed by the Government to inquire into and report upon a system of railways for opening out Tonquin and connecting it with the neighbouring countries. In referring to the projected line from a port in Tonquin, along the Red River, to Laokai, the Chinese frontier town in Yunnan, the object of the railway was thus stated by the Commission:

"This line will enter Yunnan in the centre, and drain the larger part of the currents (of trade), which have a tendency to disperse, on the one side, by the Yang-tsze and Sikiang to the ports of Shanghai, Canton, Hong Kong, and Pakhoi on the China Seas; on the other by the Mekong, Salween, Irrawaddy, and even the Brahmaputra, towards the ports on the Bay of Bengal."

If continued, as proposed by M. de Lanessan, from Laokai, *via* Lai Chau, to Szumao, the Red River Railway would not be less than 550 miles in length, and, according to him, this section of the line, together with its projected branch to Luang Prabang (over 200 miles in length) will prove extremely costly. It was probably in order to get possession of the portion of Kiang Hung that will be traversed by this route that the French persuaded the Chinese Government to infringe its Convention with us by ceding to France the two eastern provinces of Kiang Hung. Owing to the mountainous character of the upper basins of the Red and Black Rivers, through which the greater part of

the projected French line would pass, that line must almost entirely depend upon the trade of South-West China, which it will tap at Laokai and Szumao, for its traffic and prospects of paying. It is otherwise with the projected railways running from our Burmese ports. They can count upon a large local traffic nearly throughout their course as well as upon through trade from Siam and from China.

To understand what the probable trade of South-West China will be when that country is developed by railways, it will be well to consider, first, the value of the market in population, resources, and trade; secondly, the difference between the present cost of carriage in that region and the railway charge on the Burmese railways for the conveyance of grain and goods; and, thirdly, the enormous effect the greatly decreased charge for bringing goods from the seaport by rail will have in increasing the number of our customers and extending the sale of our goods. South-West China comprises the provinces of Yunnan, Kweichou, and Szechuen. All our consuls who have in recent years traversed these three provinces have been astonished by the great stream of population that has been flowing into Yunnan and Kweichou from the overpopulated provinces of Szechuen, Hunan, and Hupeh ever since 1873, when the Mahomedan rebellion, which had been raging in Yunnan during the previous eighteen years, was finally quelled, and the hill tribes in Kweichou, who had been in a state of insurrection for many years, were subdued. The Chinese population of these provinces had been nearly destroyed before the troubles ceased. Yet so great was the immigration that set in to occupy the ownerless lands, that in 1879, when a census was taken in these provinces, Yunnan contained a Chinese population of 11,721,576, and Kweichou one of 7,669,181 souls. Each of these provinces likewise contains a large uncalculated population of hill tribes, probably amounting in each case to over four millions. We shall not be far out if we take the present gross population of Yunnan at twenty-four millions, that of Kweichou at twenty millions, and that of Szechuen at seventy-six millions. The population of South-West China would thus be about 120,000,000.

The fertility and wealth of Szechuen and Kweichou need not be dilated on. Mr. Consul Spence has pointed out that "all travellers bear testimony to the fact that Szechuen is, in the variety of its productions, its numerous industries, the well-being and prosperity of its inhabitants, without an equal amongst the provinces of China." Mr. Consul Hosie, who visited Kweichou in 1882, declared that "it merely requires an increased population to make it one of the richest provinces in China." Nearly every tree, grain, and fruit met with in Europe is found growing in Kweichou, and, according to Mr. Hosie, "the soil and climate of this province are so bountiful that three crops of rice in the year are by no means unusual." Yunnan is similar in flora and vegetable products to Kweichou, and Mr. Hosie accounts for the prevalence of poppy cultivation by stating that "cereals are said to be so cheap that it does not pay to grow them. Rice is grown generally as a summer crop, but poppy often displaces wheat as a winter one." The mineral wealth of South-West China is greater than that of any part of the world of like area. Coal, copper, iron, silver, and lead mines are again and again noted in the accounts published of the journeys of our consuls in all of its three provinces. Salt mines and springs are extensively worked in Yunnan and Szechuen. Kweichou contains quicksilver, and Yunnan produces tin. Space will not permit me to deal with the great variety and enormous amount of merchandise carried by caravans into and throughout this region. Mr. Hosie noticed goods being taken an eighty-one days' journey from Canton to Tali-fu, and a forty days' journey from Chungking to Yunnan-fu: raw cotton being brought great distances from Burma, Siam, and the Shan States to Yunnan, and tin being carried the enormous distance from Yunnan to Peking.

Caravan carriage by land in China is cheap relatively to what it is in the country lying between Moulmein and Szumao. The cost in South-West China averages but 8d. per ton per mile, against 2s. 4d. per ton per mile between Moulmein and Zimmé. The railway charge for freight in Burma puts such charges to the

blush. If the Burma-Siam-China Railway is constructed, grain will be taken from Szumao to Moulmein, a distance of 703 miles, for £1 os. 4d. per ton, and piece goods and other merchandise can be sent, in exchange, for £2 18s. 7d. per ton. Our Chinese customers would be enriched by finding markets open to them for the profitable sale of their produce, minerals, &c., and we should be able to lay our goods at their doors at a price greatly reduced by the cheapening of carriage. Railways are absolutely necessary to open out these magnificent land-locked markets to European trade. The prohibitive duties levied by France at her Indo-Chinese ports would render railways constructed from these ports useless to us for purposes of trade, and if France makes railways from her ports into South-West China, and we refrain from doing so, the immense prospective trade of the most valuable undeveloped market in the world will be lost to us and will go to our rivals.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

THE ARMENIAN AND THE TURK.

THOSE who had hoped that with the publication of the Imperial Iradé the Armenian Question would disappear are being, and will continue to be, grievously disappointed. As a matter of fact, although the active portion of the drama may have come to an end as far as England is concerned, the graver and more serious stage is only now being entered upon. That this should not have been more generally realized from the commencement is strange, but not perhaps unnatural, for so suddenly and so skilfully was the original question thrust upon Europe that before time was allowed to think and to inquire, public opinion and philanthropy were ablaze, and in the thoughtless outcry against the Turk all other matters were forgotten. But to those whose knowledge of Turk and Armenian extended further than mere newspaper reports of meetings at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, some idea at least of the ultimate difficulty in settling the question could not fail to be present.

The great stumbling-block of the whole problem lay, and lies to-day, not so much in the perversity and maladministration of the Turkish Government as in the difference that exists between the characters of Turk and Armenian, and this, unfortunately, no legislation, no system of reforms however well carried out, can remedy. No control, to whatever extent it may be supervised by the representatives of European Powers, can change the spots of the leopard, or break down a political and religious hatred that has existed for many centuries.

There is no need here to repeat or to emphasize what is already so well known, that for maladministration and corruption the Sublime Porte, especially in its provincial governments, is almost, if not quite, unrivalled; but what is required at the present moment, before Her Majesty's Government may become involved in further difficulties in the East, is some idea as to the broad characteristics of the men, who, far away in the mountains of Asia Minor, are playing out their tragic drama.

As for the Turk of the lower classes, be he peasant or soldier, he is, on the whole, a good fellow, trustworthy, honest, and hospitable, with very broad ideas as to morality, uncomplaining in his hard lot, brave and patriotic to a degree—for his Sultan is also his Caliph, the "Shadow of God"—and ready to avenge any insult that may be offered either to his ruler, his religion, or his Government. But, unfortunately, there is one trait in his character which is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to cancel all his good points, and that is his hereditary cruelty. One has only to turn back to the history of the first invasion of Asia Minor by the wild Turkish tribes to get a glimpse of one of the darkest pictures of horror and bloodshed that the story of the world can furnish. Since that day, changed as the Turk is in mien, he has never been able to rid himself of that undercurrent of cruelty which, held in check by legal if not by moral laws, is doubly intense when opportunity for bloodshed arrives; and then his passion knows no bounds. In contrast with the Turk, we have the Armenian, with his plausibility, his

cunning and love of intrigue, his grasping nature and capacity for squeezing money out of a stone, his utter want of patriotism except in so far as serves his own ends. Clever he is, in brains a thousand times superior to the Turk, but with a cleverness that tends toward revolution and intrigue, no matter under what jurisdiction or what Government he finds himself. Dissatisfaction with whatever he does himself or is done for him is the keynote of the Armenian character, and there is no doubt that at the present moment this dissatisfaction is being stirred up by political agitators throughout the Turkish Empire.

What the influence of the British, Russian, and French Government has practically succeeded in doing for the Armenian subjects of the Sultan is this—that they are placed upon a footing of security of life and property equal to that enjoyed by their Moslem neighbours, and as long as they remain under the jurisdiction of the Sublime Porte, they must expect no more. But this is by no means what the Armenian did expect or desire. He hoped—and is still being told to hope—to turn the tables upon the Turk and Kurd, to be freed from taxation and from the risks of robbery that are common to all the inhabitants of Asia Minor. He hoped that, although in a minority, he would become the ruling Power in the land, with a European Governor-General of whom he could make a tool for carrying out his schemes of revenge upon the Turks and Kurds for centuries of oppression. He hoped even for autonomy itself. All this was promised him by the agitators who for some years past have been pouring sedition into the ears of a bigoted and ignorant peasantry, who in their turn were to make a "stir" in the interior of the country. And until the Armenian finds the promises that were then made to him in a fair way to be accomplished, he will continue to make a "stir"—to what end remains to be seen. While the Patriarch and high Armenian dignitaries at Constantinople pretend to be satisfied with the promise of reforms, the Armenian public are by no means in the same frame of mind, and before the delays necessary for the institution of these reforms can be overcome there seems every likelihood of further and even more serious outbreaks than have occurred already. The Armenian looks upon the present stage of the question merely as tending towards ultimate autonomy, and as soon as one stage is passed he will enter upon another. Now the Turk, be he official, soldier, or peasant, will do his utmost to prevent this, for bad as the Turk undoubtedly is, he is ready to sacrifice his life and his property in upholding the Government of his Caliph and Sultan, and in repressing by every means in his power any tendency towards revolution. Unfortunately we already know from what happened in the districts of Bitlis, Mush, and Sassun, what means he makes use of.

There is one other point on which the British public have been misinformed, and that is, regarding the origin of the present state of affairs. It has been stated, and generally believed, that the persecution has been a religious one, whereas the entire question has been political. The Turk—and in this all who know him will agree—is by no means a fanatic; in fact his broad views, especially with regard to Christianity, have led to his being despised by the more rigid sects of Islam. Europeans can visit, and are often, in out-of-the-way parts, housed in, the mosques of Turks and Kurds, and it is seldom, if ever, that one hears from Sunni Moslems the curses that are every hour in the mouth of the Armenians against their religious enemies. In fact it is the Armenian who possesses the fanatical nature and not the Turk, and any point of religion involved in the Armenian question has been introduced by the Armenians themselves in their public insults to the Sultan and Caliph. That the priests should have been selected as the objects of particular brutalities at the hands of the Turkish soldiery in the late massacres is due not to their religious garb but to the fact that the pulpit was made the seat of sedition and of unbridled insult to the religion of the Turks. The British Government has, with the aid of Russia and France, succeeded in obtaining for the Armenians reforms that will place them upon an equality with the other subjects of the Porte, and when these reforms are once instituted, and their continuance in the future is secured, our right of interference ends.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

MR. WATSON'S NEW POEMS.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S new volume of verse, "The Father of the Forest, and other Poems" (London: John Lane, 1895), contains little that will be new to his admirers except the first and last poems, of which the last, from the personal nature of its contents, is far the most interesting. The first of these two poems gives its name to the collection. It is a poet's reverie, in which, dreaming under the "Emperor Yew," the Father of the Forest, Mr. Watson sees the pageant of English History pass by. The idea is a natural one to come to a reflective mind as it muses upon the past of a many-centuried tree. Success, of course, depends upon the treatment. If any of our readers wishes to see how feebly forcible Mr. Watson's imagination can be, and how flimsy his treatment, let him compare this poem with a reverie of the same kind, which, though written in what is called prose, is yet in essence pure poetry, in "The Story of My Heart," by Richard Jefferies. Mr. Watson's diction is, no doubt, in places happier than the passionate *oratio soluta* of the stronger lover of Nature; but the imagination of Richard Jefferies worked spontaneously at white heat on his materials, and the reverie, gushing in one jet from the furnace, is a work of imagination incomparably superior to the carefully built-up stanzas of "The Father of the Forest." Mr. Watson thoroughly understands the construction of the line and the stanza, and has a good ear for verbal music; but on the whole his reverie is commonplace in its matter, though generally dignified in its manner and adequate in its execution. The stanzas, as occasionally happens in Mr. Watson's verse, are an echo of Matthew Arnold's stanzas on the Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse, and are generally musical, and excellent examples of concise expression.

"Ah, thou hast heard the iron tread
And clang of many an armoured age,
And well recall'st the famous dead,
Captains or counsellors, brave or sage,
Kings that on kings their myriads hurled,
Ladies whose smiles embroidered the world.

"Rememberest thou the perfect knight,
The soldier, courtier, bard in one,
Sidney, that pensive Hesper-light
O'er Chivalry's departed sun?
Knew'st thou the virtue, sweetness, lore,
Whose nobly hapless name was More?"

"Or Eleanor's undaunted son,
That, starred with idle glory, came,
Bearing from leaguered Ascalon
The barren splendour of his fame,
And, vanquished by an unknown bow,
Lies vainly great at Fontevraud."

The first and longer portion of the poem is, in short, a synopsis of English history, carefully condensed and forcibly expressed. It is little more. The second part, the murmur of the Yew, replying to the poet, is better; it prophesies the advent of a better time than ours, the "one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves," but it is an echo, though by no means a slavish echo, of Tennyson.

Of "The Hymn to the Sea," with its careful craftsmanship, its correct and musical hexameters and pentameters, and its total absence of any communion with or even vision of the Mighty Power of Nature it professes to celebrate, we spoke at some length, examining it in detail, soon after it appeared, last July. We then drew attention to a defect in the metre of one of the pentameters, and we are glad to see Mr. Watson has taken our criticism to heart, and removed the defect in the volume before us, where now

"the exquisite fabric of silence

Perilous turreted hangs, trembles and dulcetly falls."
There is some admirable literary criticism in "The Tomb of Burns," and the style, except where in a few of the stanzas it degenerates into commonplace, is the great style of a poet who often barely escapes, if, indeed, he does escape, being a master of chastened and dignified expression.

Of Mr. Watson's lyrics there is nothing favourable to be said; but "The Turk in Armenia" is a stately and sonorous sonnet, and recalls, though only distantly, the

fine sonnets, Miltonic in their music and majesty, with which Mr. Watson first made his mark years ago.

And now we come to the last poem, the "Apologia," a poem with the genesis of which our outspoken criticism last July had apparently something to do. This "Apologia" recalls not distantly the greater lines of Wordsworth, beginning:

"If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
Then to the measure of that heaven-born light
Shine, Poet! in thy place and be content."

But the "Apologia" is much more than a study in discipleship of the Master's work. It is an answer to our criticism. "His genius," we then said, "is derivative. He has leaned by turns on Keats and Shelley, and most of all he has leaned, and still leans, on Wordsworth. His poems are poems written in discipleship." In answer to this criticism Mr. Watson in his "Apologia" is moved to cry:

"What would ye then, my masters? Is the Muse
Fall'n to a thing of Mode that must each year
Supplant her derelict self of yesteryear?
Or do the mighty voices of old days
At last so tedious grow, that one whose lips
Inherit some far echo of their tones—
How far, how faint, none better knows than he
Who hath been nourished on their utterance—can
But irk the ears of such as care no more
The accent of dead greatness to recall?"

Mr. Watson, in these and many more well-written but unreasonably indignant lines, fully admits the truth of our criticism. He errs only in fancying that, because we insisted on showing the extravagance of the rancid overpraise poured upon him by the "Spectator," we dislike his poems and fail to appreciate his very considerable powers and admirable style. The "Apologia" itself contains fine lines and some striking passages; for instance, this comparison:

"And though I be to these but as a knoll
About the feet of the high mountains, scarce
Remarked at all save when a valley cloud
Holds the high mountains hidden, and the knoll
Against the cloud shows briefly eminent."

RICHTER AGAIN.

WITH a certain measured contrition I own that Richter has been here for some weeks without drawing a single sentence of remark from me. But I can plead extenuating circumstances. At best St. James's is the dullest and most dismal of halls, so that the half-known artist who gives a concert there courts defeat; and when the estimable Mr. Vert, doubtless by some oversight, places me where I am plagued by a pestilential atmospheric current that combines the evils of all the ill winds that blow nobody good, besides suffering disturbance at the hands and feet of every late-comer who enters by the Regent Street door, I hear the music to such disadvantage that my criticism is bound to be, so to say, unduly katabolic. Therefore I pass over the first concert in silence, for the impressions of a critic who has sneezed seventeen times in an hour and a quarter are necessarily rather distorted. A goodly fraction of the second was mere boredom. Goldmark is always a tedious composer and often a pretentious one; and when he spreads his oriental colouring and lack of inspiration, borrowed themes and original vulgarity, over so many square yards of full score as the "Sakuntala" overture contains, one is exasperated to the point of wishing that anything else, even a native composition, were played instead. Here is an idea for an Englishman daring enough to see it. Shall I be thought insolent if I suggest that our greatest composer (whoever he may be) should give a concert entirely devoted to Goldmark's works and his own, his own coming last? The audience, if he got one, would go home gushing of the freshness, novelty, charm and what not of his music, and his fame would be set up for ever. A curious thing about Goldmark is his Academicism, which is not unlike our own Sullivan's. But Sullivan does not make Goldmark's pretence of modernity. He does not make a point of writing in six flats, and his friends do not mention as a recommendation that a certain orchestral piece of his is the most difficult ever written; he leaves Wagnerian harmony alone, and claims no mastery of thematic development; he writes frankly to tickle vulgar ears

and not to astonish and dazzle half-educated people by stupendous exhibitions of tawdriness only to be compared for absolute bad taste with that monstrous reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral—also, by the way, planned to astonish and dazzle half-educated people. And in so far as Sullivan is simpler and less pretentious he is Goldmark's superior; and, moreover, I do not hesitate to affirm that Goldmark is beneath him in pure invention, expressiveness, and all qualities save those which no man is proud to possess, no man except, perhaps, Goldmark. Smetana's "Symphonic Poems," which Richter played at this same concert, though neither poems nor symphonic, are in many ways an agreeable contrast to Goldmark's gilded fustian. Smetana had at least copiousness of melody, even if it was not of a high quality, he had a vivid and fantastic imagination and a fine sense of colour. He had, in short, many admirable endowments, and they availed him little, for with them he had a fatal lack—he was barren of humour. Hence, to give an extreme instance, he gives you a symphonic poem on the subject of the massacre of Ctirad and his knights by Sarka and her Amazons. His accompanying programme describes the affair in detail and concludes with the naïve remark, "thus the Amazons' thirst for vengeance is assuaged." But not by that programme is my thirst for vengeance assuaged. I still thirst for the blood of Smetana, of Sarka, of Ctirad and his cavaliers, of every one who was connected with the incident and helped to make the symphonic poem possible. But for Smetana's deadly seriousness the snoring of the knights and cries of the wounded might be comic; and in spite of his seriousness the piece has all the oppressiveness of an exceedingly long and exceedingly bad joke. "Vltava" is intended to be a kind of cheap excursion along the banks of the river Vltava; but it is only a panorama shown in the dark, with an explanatory lecturer who has an endless flow of adjectives, but not a verb in his vocabulary. The description of the St. Johann Rapids is sheer nonsense, for the simple reason that Smetana, with all his imagination, had not Wagner's, and Weber's, and Purcell's secret of writing music which conjures up pictures before the inner vision. Handel had it, Mendelssohn had it; but Mozart and Beethoven had it not, and Smetana is like them in that if in nothing else. He is even unequal to the hackneyed brooklet dodge: his brooklet does not run: it is stiff as a river on the map. Look at the score of the St. Johann Rapids and you see where instruments are added and the harmony extended to show the widening of the river; you see the figures meant to depict the prodigious leap of the mass of water, the sforzandos with stand for the heavy thunder of its fall; you see the counterpoint which is supposed to represent the boiling and foaming of the lower stream. But when you listen, counterpoint, sforzandos, broad harmony, and added instruments fail to convey the slightest glimpse of meaning. A fine sense of humour saved the really great picturesque musicians from attempting the impossible, and it is the impossible which Smetana, for want of saving humour, often attempts. There is no audible outline (so to speak) in his pictures; they are pure colour, and when Richter plays them he is practically handing you the paint-pot with the request to paint the pictures for yourself. The best of the three poems is "Vysehrad," and it is inconsequent and unreasonable to the point of insanity.

The programme of the last concert (4 November) contained no novelty; but the wonderfully delicate reading of the Eighth Symphony was novel enough. It is curious that we should persistently cry after novelties when all the symphonies of Mozart remain unplayed, and the Eighth of Beethoven may be heard only once or twice in a life time. If there is nothing better being written at present than Goldmark, I hope Richter will see the wisdom of keeping novelties out of his programmes altogether, and give us more of the unplayed masterworks. He knows, it is merely polite to assume, of the existence of Mozart's symphonies, and has probably looked into some of the scores. May I suggest that they are better stuff than Goldmark or Smetana, and good renderings of them as novel as the soul of the most infatuated novelty-hunter could desire? At any rate, if Mozart is in his opinion, as the sage critic said, "a little *passé* now," he cannot do better than give us the Eighth Symphony half-a-dozen times next season.

It was an unspeakable joy to hear for once that magnificent music played as it should be played. Mr. Siegfried Wagner tried his 'prentice hand upon it when he was here, but Mr. Siegfried Wagner—well, the Eighth is the stiffest of the Nine. Few conductors attempt it, and though one grumbles at them for not doing so, they are after all, perhaps, well-advised. The player's touch must be exquisite; he must have such a grip of his orchestra as to be able to keep them for pages together at the most subdued pianissimo; his phrasing must be flawless, his balance of tone irreproachable. It is true the other great symphonies demand perfection of technique, Mozart's not less than Beethoven's; but it is also true that lack of this perfection is harder to cover in this symphony than in any other by vigour and fire, emotional readings of detached passages, or lovely effects got here and there. Moreover, for the Seventh Symphony intellectual gifts very rare to-day, though not always so rare, are needed; and of these the first and chief is a deep contentment with mere beauty. Mottl (to mention one instance) has not this contentment. One soon feels his lack of interest in a translucent colourless web of sound that clothes the spirit of beauty, his indifference to the beauty reflected on the surface of a melody as a light cloud is reflected on the surface of still waters at evening; and though I have never heard him play the Eighth Symphony I know perfectly well that he would ruin it by trying to introduce purple patches. Richter's salient characteristics are strength, breadth, and solidity, rather than grace and delicacy, but he has that contentment in beauty; and it served him. Heaven only knows what he would have needed to make any effect with that lanky-boned, knock-kneed, bloodless "King Lear" overture of Berlioz's which he played next. The truth is that all Berlioz's music, or nearly all, is sheer rhetoric. In the hands of a great rhetorician, like Berlioz himself, it might make a stupendous impression upon literary persons not too susceptible to the charm of music apart from its literary qualities or associations; but played by Richter with stubborn honesty and care, the bareness of this overture, its absolute poverty of real invention, the lack of any moving accent or phrase in it, were all too obvious, and convinced me more strongly than ever that Berlioz is a man to be read or written about, and his music music to be kept in a library. There is no real Berlioz conductor, and I am not sure he is wanted. Curiously enough, the late Sir Charles Hallé was the nearest approach who has appeared yet, for, in spite of the chilliness of his piano-playing, he betrayed a considerable infusion of the devil when he conducted a Berlioz score. Richter, of course, is no great declaimer like Mottl, and Mottl is a declaimer of the wrong sort. He is too weighty and earnest: his thunderbolts fall heavily, but his lightnings hardly flash with sufficient vivacity and vividness. I should like to hear him do the Bacchanal music from "Tannhäuser." Richter did it at this last concert with an odd mixture of decorum and licentiousness, almost as if he wished to let himself go, but feared Mrs. Grundy, who, poor soul, was killed at the last County Council election. Still, his touch is so masterly and resilient (how different from, say, Mr. Henschel's hard fumbling touch) that every bar gave one fresh delight in the playing. More grateful still was it to hear the accompaniments to the love-duet from "The Valkyrie" genuinely, if unimaginatively, played, every pianissimo religiously attended to, every passage moulded. Why does not Sir Augustus Harris launch boldly out and engage Richter for a season of German opera? Hitherto Wagner has had no chance: he has never been half so well done as Verdi. Engage Richter for the orchestra, get across a Munich theatre man for the stage machinery, and take the best of Mr. Hedmond's people—Miss Susan Strong, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Bevan—for the solo parts, and Wagner will go as no one has gone in London this century. But so long as "Tristan," for example, is a fat-woman show run by a tenth-rate conductor with no stage-management to speak of, so long will Wagner spell empty houses; and a good thing too, or these entrepreneurs would never put him on respectably. Play him they must now, and the first to play him honestly will reap a reward—of one sort or another.

I have only space to say that if the public does not

go to Mr. Gompertz's next quartet concert (in Queen's Hall on Wednesday next, and succeeding Wednesday), it will deserve to be well whipt. Each concert is short, consisting of a couple of quartets and two or three songs. At none have I heard an inartistic thing; and very much the best rendering I have yet heard of Beethoven's posthumous quartet in E flat was given there last Wednesday.

J. F. R.

TRILBY AND "L'AMI DES FEMMES."

"Trilby." An entertainment in four acts based by Paul Potter on Du Maurier's novel. Haymarket Theatre, 30 October, 1895.

"The Squire of Dames." Adapted from "L'Ami des Femmes" of Dumas fils by R. C. Carton. Criterion Theatre, 5 November, 1895.

I OBSERVE that some of my honoured colleagues in dramatic criticism, not having read "Trilby," explain that they were not lazy, but that they felt bound to present their minds in the condition of a *tabula rasa* to the Haymarket performance. Now I am lazy; and I never read anything; yet I have read "Trilby" and enjoyed it greatly. It is a no mere novel with illustrations, it is a homogeneous work of art in which the master, like a composer who sets his own poem to music, shows us his people by the art of the draughtsman, and tells us their story by the art of the fabulist. What Thackeray, with his enslaved mind and clumsy hand, tried to do in vain, is here brought happily off by the pleasantest of freethinkers and the most charming of artists. Oddly enough, the successful artist has taken the unsuccessful one for his model, greatly improving on him in every respect save one: to wit, honesty. Thackeray saved his reputation and forced his oppressive books like sentences of penal servitude on the reading public by telling the truth in spite of himself. He may protest against it, special plead against it, exaggerate the extenuating circumstances, be driven into pessimism by it; but it comes raging and snivelling out of him, all the same, within the limit of his sense of decency. He exhausts all his feeble pathos in trying to make you sorry for the death of Colonel Newcome, imploring you to regard him as a noble-hearted gentleman instead of an insufferable old fool, developing into a mischievous old swindler; but he gives you the facts about him faithfully. Nothing can be more pitiable than Thackeray chuckling over his poor little stroke of genius in making Becky Sharp admire Rawdon Crawley when he assaults Lord Steyne, in which stroke he shows about as much knowledge of Becky-Sharpness as Prosper Merimée's dragoon did when he went to Carmen to boast how he killed her hateful old husband-proprietor in single combat by a clever knife thrust. "You fool," said Carmen: "your thrust is all stuff. Why couldn't you buy me honestly? He'd have sold me for fifteen shillings." Rawdon Crawley's figure would have been higher; but he would have sold Becky for all that. Still worse is Thackeray's exultation over the success with which Major Pendennis quells the rebellion of his wretched valet; and there is something pathetically foolish in his attempt to convince himself that his pulses stirred at the thought of Waterloo, and in his absolutely sincere sense of the international gravity of a newspaper paragraph stating that a certain letter written from abroad was, "strange to say, on club paper" (implying the unspeakably awful accusation against a west end clubman of putting a quire of that commodity into his portmanteau). But he tells you no lies; and if you want to know Rawdon Crawley and Major Pendennis as they appeared to their own set, and their servants as they appeared to their masters, there they are, as no artist-author could ever give them to you.

Mr. du Maurier, on the other hand, has all the artist's charm, and all his dishonesty. His Taffy is an attempt at the Colonel-Newcome-Dobbin sympathy catcher; but Mr. du Maurier does not tell you the truth about Taffy, except for a moment when his professional point of honour is touched, when he is constrained to confess that Taffy was an impostor in art. There is not a character in the book which is not obviously drawn to please the

author's imagination. For all we know, George Eliot may have been the original of Trilby: at all events, if she really had been, he would have altered her age and her face and her circumstances and profession in just the same way to please himself and please us. If I want to respect Thackeray, I must think of his veracity and forget his workmanship: if I would respect Mr. du Maurier, I must think of his workmanship and forget his veracity. I know well that there never was any such person as Trilby—that she is a man's dream; but I am a man myself, and delight in her. Happily, truth and goodness do not always clash. I am convinced as well as touched by Little Billee with the dead heart, going about and making himself affectionately agreeable in his remorse for being secretly unable to care for anybody. And I like an imagination without gall, to which poor Svengali is *not* a villain, but only a poor egotistical wretch who provokes people to pull his nose, although he has better grounds for egotism than any one else in the book except Little Billee and Trilby (I must except the adorable Trilby.) Besides, the philosophy of the book is humane and enlightened: Mr. du Maurier is not afraid to write of religion and morals and the nude in art just as he would speak of them in the society of people whom he respects.

"Trilby" is the very thing for the English stage at present. No need to act or create character: nothing to do but make up after Mr. du Maurier's familiar and largely popular drawings, and be applauded before uttering a word as dear old Taffy, or the Laird, or darling Trilby, or horrid Svengali. Mr. Paul Potter has done his business with considerable knowledge of what was wanted of him, especially by the actor-manager. Nearly all the favourite pictures and passages from the book are worked in, without violence if possible, but at all events worked in. Thus, though the play ends with Trilby's death, Gecko is allowed to have his "Ich habe geliebt und gelebet" in the third act. Still, let nobody suppose that the play gives any idea of the book. Imagine Trilby, the incarnation of womanly sympathy, with Baratier and Besson and old Monsieur Penque cut out of her record for the sake of making a correct young English girl of her! Imagine little Billee pared down and painted up into the most futile of "juvenile leads!" Imagine, above all, Svengali taken seriously at his own foolish valuation, blazed upon with limelights, spreading himself intolerably over the whole play with nothing fresh to add to the first five minutes of him—Svengali defying heaven, declaring that henceforth he is his own God, and then tumbling down in a paroxysm of heart disease (the blasphemous rebuked, you see), and having to be revived by draughts of brandy. I derived much cynical amusement from this most absurd scene; but if I were Mr. du Maurier, I should ask whether the theatre is really in such an abject condition that all daintiness and seriousness of thought and feeling must be struck out of a book, and replaced by vulgar nonsense before it can be accepted on the stage. I grant that the public deserves nothing better from Mr. Tree. It has done its silly best to teach him that it wants none of his repeated and honourable attempts to cater for people with some brains. But surely even the public would just as soon—nay, rather—have the original Svengali, the luckless artist-cad (a very deplorable type of cad, whom Mr. du Maurier has hit off to the life), understanding neither good manners nor cleanliness, always presuming, and generally getting snubbed and nose-pulled and bullied, but taking Trilby's headache into his own elbows and making a great artist of her. Mr. Tree began excellently with this: why, then, should he absurdly decline into the stagey, the malignant, the diabolic, the Wandering-Jewish, and vainly endeavour to make our flesh creep, besides making the play one act too long? No doubt Mr. Potter, familiar with the ways of the American actor-manager, wrote the part for Mr. Tree as he thought Mr. Tree would like it. But he spoiled the book and very nearly spoiled the play in doing it.

With the exception of the sham serious episodes, "Trilby" is very bright and pleasant. There is no acting in it to speak of: Miss Rosina Filippi alone gets in a stroke of genuine art in the *ouvreuse* scene. Miss Baird's Trilby is a very pretty performance by a very pretty girl; but it is no more possible to base an esti-

mate of her future on it than it was on the early performances of Miss Mary Anderson or Miss Dorothy Dene. The older ladies in the audience, dating from the age of reclining boards and straight backs, were of opinion that Miss Baird carried herself too creepily; and I will not deny that there may be some truth in this. As to Mr. Tree, I should no more dream of complimenting him on the Svengali business than Sir Henry Irving on "A Hero of Waterloo." The studio, the quadrille, Zouzou and Dodor, and all the rest of it, are great fun; and although the whole affair not only adds nothing to the merit of Mr. Du Maurier's original production of the book and the drawings, but steals a good deal from it, I imagine that every one will enjoy a visit to the Haymarket just now. Let me, however, warn musicians that they will find Schubert represented by the notoriously spurious "Addio."

At the Criterion Mr. Wyndham has resumed his exhibitions of acting, an art now become so rare that people flock to see him, no matter what the play may be. This time, however, he has a tolerably good part—that of De Ryons in "L'Ami des Femmes," transmuted by Mr. Carton into Mr. Kilroy in "The Squire of Dames." "L'Ami des Femmes" is a bad play with good material in it. The material is what we now call Ibsenite: the technique is that of Scribe. In it, accordingly, we have serious characters philosophically discussing themselves and one another quite undramatically in long speeches, and at the same time senselessly carrying on an irrelevant comedy of intrigue of the old kind in five "well-made" acts. The dialogue and characterisation of "Emperor or Galilean" tacked on to the action of "Cheer, boys, Cheer" would not be a whit more incongruous. De Ryons is a high-minded, chivalrous, delicate gentleman-philosopher in theory, in practice a busy-body and go-between—Benedick and Figaro in one. De Montégre talks like Hernani, and behaves like the weak, vain fop in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" (Osborne, if I recollect aright), who was shot at Waterloo. And so on. Mr. Carton had therefore not merely to adapt the piece from French to English life, but to get rid of its incongruities and make a fairly homogeneous, compact drama of it. Necessarily, he has done this by discarding the serious side of the characterization, and retaining only that which is proper to the ignoble and commonplace action, since if he had taken the alternative course, he must have provided the piece with a different action—in short, written a new play, which was not what he was commissioned to do. He has not done his work consistently—Mr. Carton never does anything consistently: a certain pleasant scatterbrainedness is of the very essence of his talent. He has retained a good deal that belongs to the side of the play which he has discarded, and has discarded some things (in Leverdet's part, for example) which would strengthen the side which he has retained. This inconsequence has landed him in four acts where three would have sufficed; in dull and vague parts for Miss Mary Moore and Mr. Bernard Gould; and here and there in a speech producing an effect belonging to the original play and not to the adaptation. Occasionally he does not take the trouble to adapt: he translates literally. In the original, Jane tells De Ryons that she detests him, to which he replies coolly "Ça passera," the equivalent of which, I take it, is "Ah, you will get over that." Mr. Carton has made Mr. Wyndham say "That will pass," a perfectly impossible speech for an Englishman, except when giving his opinion of a doubtful coin. Another speech of Mr. Wyndham, in his great scene with Zoë Nuggetson, "What game are we playing at?" is an excellent school-girl translation of "Quel jeu jouons-nous, mademoiselle?" but it is not what an Englishman would say under such circumstances.

The *art de jouer* is a good deal better than most theatres provide at present. Mr. Wyndham's success as De Ryons Kilroy is genuine and unprepared. No books have been written about his part; no pictures of his make-up and attitudes have been circulated; no preliminary conversations between the other characters give the audience's imagination its cue. Mr. Wyndham goes to work as the curtain rises, and creates his character by pure acting. There was no leaning on stage tricks and effects which any experienced actor could produce, nor any of that feeble need of being con-

stantly played to by the rest, which is so often put down to the vanity of the actor-manager, though it is really due to his incompetence. Mr. Wyndham is always playing to somebody, and getting double value out of it, for himself as actor and artist, by making the most of his own part, and for himself as manager by getting the most out of the fellow-artist whose salary he pays. Everybody acts better at the Criterion than at most other theatres; and yet Mr. Wyndham, whether he has the worst part in the piece, as in "The Home Secretary," or the best, as in the present instance, comes out further ahead than the actor-managers who obviously dread competition. Miss Mary Moore, though much on the stage, has no part and no chance. The proud, half Greek Jane de Simerose, so ill prepared for marriage that she is shocked by it into driving her husband into the arms of another woman, and so fine witted that she is able to deal her jealous Hernani lover such strokes as, "I suppose, when I have answered all your questions—when I have proved to you that I am an honest woman, you will then demand that I shall cease to be one to prove that I love you"—this distinguished person becomes the merest cipher in "The Squire of Dames." Fräulein Hackendorf survives very healthily in an American millionairess, played by Miss Fay Davis, who made an unmistakable hit in the part. The part of the lovesick schoolgirl Balbine, originally played by Chaumont, becomes a mere piece of tomfoolery in English. Miss Beatrice Ferrars amuses herself with it laughably enough. Chantrel, the hero of the beard, is more fortunate. He has survived the Channel passage without alteration; so that the part is as dangerous in English as in French: that is, it remains the part of a bore who actually is a bore, and not an unconscious humourist. Mr. De Lange, however, averted the peril with great art, and was very funny and very finished at the same time, a combination rather scarce on our stage. Mr. Bernard Gould was in the same difficulty as Miss Moore: his part was not very intelligible, and led to nothing but a paltry piece of spite, unrelieved by the tragic pretension with which, in the original, it is contrasted, Ibsen fashion, by Dumas fils. Nevertheless Mr. Gould, always *persona grata*, but hitherto one of the most experimental of amateurs, begins to show signs of serious formation as an artist with a definite style. As Sir Douglas Thorburn (Montégre) all he could do was to tow the wreck of his part into harbour without a catastrophe. Mr. Frank Fenton did precisely what was wanted as the husband. A man so abjectly in love with his wife is hardly a decent spectacle; but it is the actor's business to supply sentiment when the drama demands it, and Mr. Fenton certainly rose to the occasion, under no easy conditions, with remarkable efficiency. Mr. Alfred Bishop and Miss Granville are also in the cast; but their parts have been adapted into unredeemed commonplace.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was a good demand for money during the week, partly owing to the conclusion of the Settlement in Consols and the usual monthly requirements for Scotland, and partly owing to the withdrawal of money by the banks with a view to possible contingencies. The loan rate for the day and for short periods varied between $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The weakness of Consols and the Stock Exchange markets generally gave strength to the discount market, and on Thursday discount rates stood at 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for three months' bills, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ for four months', and $1\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ for six months'. The Bank-rate is unchanged. The loan of the Berlin bankers to Russia, partly for the purpose of converting the Rybinsk Railway 5 per cent and other bonds into 4 per cent is noteworthy; for it shows that Paris cannot for the present absorb any more Russian stocks. No political importance, however, attaches to the conversion, as the bonds are held chiefly in Germany, and the operation did not require the sanction of the German Government. Last summer, the Russian Government tried hard to convert some of their 4 per cent stocks in Paris into $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, but without success. They are now quite satisfied with a 4 per cent conversion in Berlin! A comparison of the latest returns of the Bank of France

and the Reichsbank with last year's, shows a very considerable increase in discounts and loans for assisting the markets.

The "Times," we see, attributes the fall in Ottoman Bank shares to the Armenians. No doubt, in course of time the rise and fall of everything will be attributed to the Armenians, even the rise and fall of the ocean. Most City men, however, have got another idea into their heads about the reason of the "slump"; it is because Sir Edgar Vincent, the manager of the Ottoman Bank, recently went to Cape Town and spoke in extravagantly sanguine terms about the Rand and its future: therefore they infer that the Bank has largely and rashly lent money on African mining securities. There is no foundation whatever for this inference. However deeply Sir Edgar Vincent may have "plunged" on his own account, it is known that the directors of the Ottoman Bank in Paris are French financiers of the highest ability, and it is certain that the Bank holds none but the safest securities.

On the Stock Exchange, business was in a state of suspended animation owing to the financial and political troubles abroad. The shipbuilding strike also contributed towards the general dullness by depressing Home Railways. The efforts of the *haute banque* saved the situation in Paris, in spite of the collapse at Constantinople; there may be some "executions," but they will be of no serious consequence. The losses on the Constantinople Bourse are computed at about £1,500,000, and are certainly very heavy, especially for the creditors, who are not likely to recover many debts, in consequence of the promulgated "moratorium." This, by the way, is not a commercial but only a financial "moratorium," so that the Constantinople Banks are no longer in any danger, notwithstanding the reported "runs." Ottoman Bank shares, which stood some time ago at 20½, fell as low as 14 (sellers) on Wednesday. With regard to the Mining Market in general, it is as lifeless as all the others, with only a few professional transactions in the "free market" specialties. If we consider the present disabled condition of all the European Bourses, and the approach of Christmas, a slow liquidation seems more likely than a revival in speculation.

In the African market the pendulum, as might have been expected, has returned with a backward swing as excessive and unreasonable as the forward swing had been. Not only is the rubbish of the market unsaleable, but the best shares do not easily find buyers even at prices far below their intrinsic value. Thus New Africans are 5½-6, although their assets entitle them to be nearer 10; while Austral-Africans, which have already earned enough money to pay a dividend little inferior to that of Goldfields Deferred, stand at near 1½, though Goldfields Deferred are still 16½. Buffelsdoorn again, which have declared a dividend of 16s., are near 5. This undue depression, simply the result of a weak "bull" account and an unreasoning panic, cannot last, and cautious investors have now a splendid opportunity. The good shares, the dividend earners and dividend payers, cannot remain as they are at present, far below their actual value, not to consider their speculative prospects. At the same time, some shares still maintain an inexplicable quotation. Rand Mines, for instance, a company without any near prospect of a dividend, and really a blind gamble in the uncertain wealth of the deep levels, are still over 32, whereas they would, if unsupported by the great financial house which backs them, be dear enough at tea, and, as many think, a bold speculation at five.

Great enthusiasm prevailed on Wednesday at the meeting of the shareholders of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa. Mr. C. D. Rudd, the co-managing director with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, was as sanguine and prophetic as a man should naturally be who gets a half-share in a royalty of about £335,000 out of the business. He dwelt chiefly, of course, on the wonderful future of the company's deep-level properties, and mentioned that numerous boreholes had been sunk, some of which were deeper than those on any other mine in the Rand; but

curiously enough none of them have struck a reef up till now! However, let us hope that they will do so later on, and will thereby fulfil the golden dream of £1,000,000,000 which the fertile imagination of Mr. C. D. Rudd has conjured up. As the shareholders are about to split their £1 shares, they may as well split them into eight shares of 2s. 6d.; the split shares will make first-rate gambling counters.

Sales of Consols, which declined on Thursday to 106½ for money and the account, combined with the not very cheerful financial prospects and the possibilities of political complications to depress Home Government securities. The main cause of the drop in Consols was the selling of stock in order to meet losses sustained both in England and on the Continent in the present "slump." The excellent traffic returns and the good Board of Trade returns did not save Home railways from the general depression, which was increased by the difficulties on the Clyde and forced realizations. American Railways were adversely affected by Continental selling, but showed a tendency to recover later in the week, owing to New York and Boston buying and the good traffic receipts. Canadian Pacific shares, Grand Trunk stocks and Mexican Railways fluctuated irregularly; South American railways and the Foreign market were weak. The general Mining market was inactive and dull. Little business was done in Silver, which was quoted on Thursday at 30½ per cent.

Pressure upon our space alone prevents us from dealing at some length this week with the affairs of the Linotype Company, Limited, but we hope to return to the subject in our next issue. The Linotype Company will always be remembered as one of the most flagrant promotions of the notorious John Charles Cottam and Ernest O. Lambert. So particularly shady were the early surroundings of this concern, that these promoters were at the outset, forced to disgorge no less than £450,000 of their promotion or purchase money. We should imagine, though we had hoped to the contrary, that these individuals still exert their baneful influence over this company, for strong efforts are being made to dispose of its shares. We observe sensational advertisements of the Linotype Company, in some financial contemporaries, and paid-for puffs which sing the praises of the machine, and advise purchase of the shares, in others. This sort of thing can only have one meaning. Somebody is "unloading." As we have said, however, we shall refer to the matter more fully in our next issue.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE ANCHOR TIN MINE, LIMITED (TASMANIA).

The Tasmanian Press, notably the "Mercury" and the "Launceston Examiner," appear to have devoted a large amount of attention and space to the adverse opinion we expressed in regard to the prospectus of this company, and our criticisms have also been the subject of heated discussions in the Tasmanian House of Assembly. Our colonial contemporaries take even a worse view of this promotion than we ourselves have done, and, if all that they allege is correct, we are more than ever surprised that Sir Edward Braddon should have consented to associate himself in any way with such a company. We have received the following letter in regard to this matter, the statements contained in which are sufficiently serious to demand the immediate attention not alone of Sir Edward Braddon but of all the other directors of the Anchor Tin Mine, Limited:

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

BILLITER HOUSE, BILLITER STREET, E.C.,
4 November, 1895.

SIR,—In your issue of 20 July last you directed attention to the formation of this company, which had for its object the purchasing of a tin mine in Tasmania at the price of £100,000.

You mentioned that on the first page of the prospectus reference was made, in large type, to a Local Board of Advice in Tasmania, the chairman of which was described as Sir Edward Braddon, K.C.M.G., Premier

of Tasmania. This would lead most readers to suppose that it was altogether a Tasmanian Government scheme, having the sanction of the local authorities; or at least that the Premier of the colony was prepared to take a fair share of responsibility for its success, and also to guarantee its *bona fides*.

You, in common with many others, were evidently in doubt, not only as to the object of the formation of the Local Board of Advice in Tasmania, but as to its constitution, duties, and responsibilities. The scheme, however, as you will see from the accompanying colonial newspapers, was of such a scandalous nature as to preclude all possibility of its receiving the sanction of the Tasmanian or any other civilized Government; and, therefore, no one was justified in describing Sir Edward Braddon on the prospectus as Premier of Tasmania. Sir Edward Braddon is being harried on this subject by certain members of the Tasmanian House of Assembly, and, seeing the gravity of the position, he has maintained a strict silence with regard to it, thereby practically admitting the truth of the alleged facts, which appear to be matters of notoriety in the colony. They are unique, as it is alleged that the Hon. Alexander McGregor, of Hobart, a very short time ago, having purchased his partner's interest in this mine, upon the basis of the whole property being worth £6000, authorized certain brokers to sell it for £10,000, or more if it could be obtained; that it was sold to a syndicate for about £20,000, and by them resold to the company in question for £100,000; and this last mentioned operation is the scheme to which the Premier of Tasmania has thought it right and proper to lend the sanction of his influential name and office as Premier, and to pose, apparently in a fiduciary capacity, as chairman of an incomprehensible and ambiguous board of advice. If this board was really constituted for the purpose of assisting or advising the vendors as to the disposition, to the greatest advantage, of their little property, valued at £6000 only, they have succeeded admirably in the discharge of their duties, and they deserve to be handsomely remunerated for their services; but, on the other hand, if they had undertaken to advise the company as to the acquisition of the mine for the modest sum of £100,000, and as to the future management of the property, they may find that their agency, so far, has not met with approval, and that their future task is not easy of accomplishment. In any case, the duties of the chairman of such a board, whether as adviser of the vendors or of the company, to say the least, are certainly not of a creditable or statesmanlike nature, much less are they such as should engage the attention of the Premier of a British colony, with the prospect of the reputation of the colony itself becoming thereby endangered or very seriously affected. Of course any payment which may have been made to the Premier as such, for past or in anticipation of future services, would be accounted for to the Treasury in due course by a man of such high reputation and integrity as Sir Edward Braddon.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN FRASER.

LILLOOET, FRASER RIVER, AND CARIBOO GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED.

In connection with our exposures of the disgraceful methods adopted by the promoters of this company, some seven or eight weeks ago, to raise additional capital, we have been favoured with the following communication. Regardless of our correspondent's diffidence, we prefer to give his information in his own words, merely withholding his name:

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
16 October, 1895.

SIR,—Like many in this place I have read with much interest your comments on Sperling & Co.'s mining scheme for British Columbia. This country is doing splendidly, and it is a great pity that such a wild scheme should be proposed; for by the failure of this impudent proposal, which is inevitable in the near future, doubt is likely to be thrown on the mining wealth of the Kootenag country.

I know nothing of Sperling & Co., but I can tell you who the so-called directors in this country are. Frank S. Barnard, M.P. for the old Sarum of British Columbia, will be M.P. no longer than the present session, as his constituency, by reason of its smallness, has become merged in another. Since he was a boy he has been always scheming to make money by a charter from the Dominion of Canada or from the Provincial Legislature. The second director, Mr. A. E. Phillips, Q.C., is not a Q.C., but a young barrister who did some work for Sperling & Co. He knows nothing of mining. C. J. Dunbar, the third, is a young man who has been concerned in various speculations, as well as in mines. His schemes have hardly been successes. You are at liberty to use this information, but I do not send it, as you see, in a style intended for publication. I send you to-day's "Colonist," in which you will see that the Premier says one of the Rothschild firm is in the scheme. They must have changed their ways.—Yours truly,

BRITISH COLONIST.

P.S.—They could have had here plenty of old miners with means and character as directors, if they had wanted their services.

We are obliged to our correspondent for his exceedingly interesting letter, to which we invite the attention of Messrs. Sperling & Co. and their Mr. R. M. Horne Payne. The "Daily Colonist," a copy of which our correspondent has sent us, contains a puffing article on the prospects of this company. In the course of the article it is stated that the Hon. Mr. Turner, President of British Columbia, had been assured that the gentlemen connected with the Lillooet, Fraser River Company were "among the first in the European financial world," and that their names were a sufficient guarantee of the standing of any company with which they were connected. Mr. Turner is further represented as having said that "over half of the stock, £135,000, was taken by the following well-known financiers, viz.: Henri Rosenheim, Jules de Machiels & Co., Baron Gustave de Rothschild, of Rothschild & Co., Baron Hirsch, Gabriel Tueni, Max Leon, H. M. Leon Say, Tursog & Co., Wallart & Co., J. Scott Montagu & Co., and Goetze & Co." As none of these names appear upon the company's register of shareholders, we shall be glad to learn in what way these "financiers" have, between them, "taken" £135,000 worth of the Lillooet company's stock. We should also like to know the exact nature of the Hon. Mr. Turner's interest in this company, as he also does not appear to be a regular shareholder. Surely Mr. Turner cannot have been in any way connected with the promotion of this enterprise. We agree with our correspondent that the Rothschilds must indeed have "changed their ways" if it is really true that they have associated themselves with this company.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CAPE COLONY, 9 October, 1895.

SIR,—Mr. Rhodes has returned to Cape Town from Kimberley, whither he went in order to shake off the weakness consequent upon his long and obstinate attack of influenza, and it is expected that he will shortly commence his promised tour of the western and north-western districts in connection with the working of the Scab Act. This trip appears likely to be less unpleasant than was expected, as the opposition to the Act in the disaffected districts is already less active, and several of them have elected Scab Inspectors. It is said that a son of Oom Dantje Van den Heever, the head and front of the anti-Scab Act agitation, is among the candidates for an inspectorship. The rise in the price of wool has probably a good deal to do with this complacency.

It is now the silly season at the Cape, and the so-called "colour question" figures largely in the Cape Town Press. It is not likely that the agitation will have any tangible